HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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U. S. CIRCUS.

WM. MAHONE (*to Bourbon* HILL). "Now stop your slashing around, and let the Elephant appear."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 2, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 73 of Harper's Young People, *issued March 22, contains "Tommy Tucker's Horse-shoe," a story by* Mrs. Frank McCarthy, *illustrated by* Yeager; *"Something about Ships," by* Lieutenant Lockwood; *"A Song of Apollo," a heroic poem, suitable for declamation; "An Incident of Indian Travel," illustrated; Chapter Fifteen of "Toby Tyler," in which the hero receives a testimonial from his friends, illustrated; "An Italian School," a paper for girls, being an account of the Italian school for poor children in New York, by* F. E. Fryatt, *illustrated by* Jessie Curtis Shepherd; *"Much Too High," a fable, by* Margaret Eytinge; *Chapter Eight of "Phil's Fairies," by* Mrs. W. J. Hays, *illustrated; an article on the popular amusement of Roller-Skating, by* C. L. Norton, *illustrated by* Thulstrup; *a full Post-office Box; Puzzles, Poems, Comics, and directions for making a peanut owl.*

NEW STORY BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

A charming new Serial Story, entitled

"THE QUESTION OF CAIN,"

by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, *author of "All or Nothing," "A Golden Sorrow," "The Blossoming of an Aloe," etc., will be begun in Number 15 of* Harper's Bazar, *and continued weekly until the end. This story, the opening scene of which is in India, is full of unique and thrilling interest, and promises to be one of the most brilliant works of its popular author.*

THE MURDER OF THE CZAR.

The assassination of the Czar, although a great shock, was not a surprise. The fanaticism which doomed him is a familiar phenomenon, and as it willingly accepts death as the penalty of murder, the murder is sure, sooner or later, to be accomplished. No contemporary figure has been more plainly under the shadow of a malign fate than the late Czar, and no monarch could have been destroyed in this remorseless manner whose death would have awakened so general a sentiment of pity. It was his destiny to deal with greater affairs than he could control. Indeed, no student of contemporary history but must feel that the condition of Russia is so anomalous as to defy all but a very extraordinary power of government. It is a society of violent extremes, of the sheerest barbarism and of the highest civilization. The vast intermediate class, which is the mighty balance-wheel of social and political order, is wholly wanting. There is no persistence or coherence of policy, and the reign of the unhappy monarch who has just been murdered has seen the fiercest revulsions of feeling. He is known as the liberator of the serfs, yet he is assassinated as incarnate despotism. He is smitten, not as a person, but as a system, and as a system whose evils are necessarily greater than any possible benefits.

This is the stupidity of what is called Nihilism, which is not a movement of political reform and progress under reasonable and hopeful conditions, but a mere dull and ignorant hatred. This is not changed by the fact that those who are not ignorant and dull make use of its agents and methods to serve their own purposes. Nihilism is the growth of a doctrine which regards men as beasts that perish, and which rejects all development, gradation, and progress, and would proceed by obliteration to annihilation. It is a conspiracy against organized society. Like all such conspiracies in history, Nihilism seems to be imposing because it is obscure. In the dark ten men may be a million. The famous "Irish night" in London constantly reproduces itself, and the practical effect of terror is to arrest everything but self-defense. As Nihilism is in substance a conspiracy against human society, every success of this kind that it wins makes its ultimate failure surer. Every chain in the world was riveted closer on the morning after the assassination was known. It was a blow at progress, at liberty, and hope. The universal instinct is that despotism is better than anarchy, and the power which forces that alternative upon any community is the enemy of the race. "Whoever commits a crime," said O'Connell, "helps the enemy."

The late Czar was doubtless one of the most unhappy of men. By nature gentle and sympathetic and humane, fitted for the career of an amiable country gentleman, he was inexorably called by his birth to attempt what he could not do; and instead of peacefully pacing his garden and trimming his orchard, he was summoned to adjust the social relations of fierce and warring races, and to pacify the remorseless pride and selfishness of a vast half-civilized aristocracy. He was heir, also, to accumulations of hate and wrong. The avengers of Poland and of Siberia lurked in the shadow. Melancholic and sensitive, the grim traditions of his house seemed to doom him to fear and suspicion and a violent death. Doubtless his later years have been but a long agony, and a sense of relief and rest accompanied the tidings of his fate. The dark tragedy of Russia, so often repeated, emphasizes also the great law that government, whatever its form, if it goes before or falls behind the ruling sentiment of the people, is always in danger. There are no short-cuts to great results. Trees must have time to grow, and fruit to ripen, and rocks to solidify. Political progress and reform of every kind are secure only as they represent public opinion, and rest upon it. Those who desire them must address themselves persistently to quickening that opinion, and then they need not despair of the increase.

THE CLOSE SENATE.

The skirmishing of the Senate over the organization of its committees will have reminded the country how evenly divided politically that body is. Judge Davis announced that he thought it his duty to the Democratic vote in the Illinois Legislature that elected him, to sustain the Democratic organization of the Senate, but that he should act upon all other questions according to their merits, and not according to party sympathy. Why he should not have exercised the same independence upon the question of organization it is not easy to see. Of Mr. Mahone we speak elsewhere. The Republicans naturally contested the organization, because it is a great advantage to an Administration to have the initiative of legislation controlled by its party friends, and that is determined by the formation of the committees. There is some patronage of clerkships, etc., also, to which Senators are not indifferent. It was a fair party contest, to which no just exception can be taken. But that being settled, the interest in an evenly divided Senate is still of great importance. It is a check upon ill-advised legislation. But it is also a check upon party recklessness.

It is a situation so far advantageous to the Executive that it tends to bridle the party majority, which, when it is large, virtually assumes the Executive right of nomination and appointment. "The courtesy of the Senate" does not always bind the opposition when the opposition sees a chance of dividing the Administration camp. If the President should nominate an officer to whose confirmation a Senator of his own party should be strongly opposed, and especially if a combination of Administration Senators should be opposed, the opposition party can always make mischief by supporting it. But even here there are alliances and combinations between the sides of the Chamber. In the late Senate there were certain Democratic Senators whose vote was always sure upon questions of confirmation to be cast as certain Republican Senators wished; and in a contest Senators generally stand by their own order. The Senate has become the important power in the government, and it is very necessary to bear this fact in mind when estimating the conduct of the President. The great bulk of the patronage of the government, the appointment to all the minor places, is vested by law in the few greater officers whom the Senate confirms, and the Senate refuses to confirm such of those greater officers as the Senators from their States oppose. The real authority of the Executive is thus vitally abridged. The glorious victories of Senator Conkling over President Hayes, which the Conkling organs celebrated as if they had been great intellectual achievements, consisted simply in successful appeals to other Senators, on the tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you principle, not to confirm minor officers who were distasteful to Mr. Conkling.

During the present administration we shall doubtless hear similar performances hailed as additional proofs of greatness. The President may perhaps nominate some attorney or postmaster who is not acceptable to the two Senators from New York. Mr. Conkling will make the usual appeal. If it should be successful, we shall be assured that he has planted his foot triumphantly once more upon the neck of a Republican administration. But it is not Mr. Conkling, it is a system. At this game Mr. Platt will be quite as good a player as his colleague. But the country will see that it is a system which places the Executive at the mercy of the courtesy of the Senate. He is held responsible for acts in which he is deprived of responsibility. But now that the division of parties in the Senate is so close, it may be hoped that nominations will be judged by the opposition upon their merits, not by the wishes and interests of Senators. This prospect would make the President careful of his action, and it would seriously interfere with the game of Senatorial patronage-mongers.

A LATE COMEDY.

The passage between Senator Mahone, of Virginia, and Senator Hill, of Georgia, was very significant. Mr. Mahone repelled indignantly the assumption by Mr. Hill of a right to crack the Democratic party whip at him, and reminded the Georgia Senator, very effectively, that he had taken no part in the caucus, and held himself to be responsible for his actions to those who elected him, and not to any self-constituted Senatorial "bosses." He should vote as he chose, and in obedience to his conviction of the demands of a real and not a spurious Democracy, and as Mr. Hoar pointed out, in supporting a free ballot and a fair count, Mr. Mahone planted himself fully upon the fundamental Republican principle, and the Massachusetts Senator hailed him as the head of the column of the new South which was coming out of the house of bondage.

This is all well, if it be really so. If Mr. Mahone votes with the Republicans because he is persuaded that Republican views are, upon the whole, more beneficial to his part of the country—as they undoubtedly are—than Mr. Hill's Democracy, his adhesion is a very significant sign. But if he votes with the Republicans because he has been promised the chairmanship of a committee, or the control of national patronage in his State, then it is going into a house of bondage, not coming out of it. In that case his action would be merely part of a disgraceful bargain, and something of which no Republican, or any other honest citizen, need feel proud. Political conversion by patronage is not edifying. There is always a doubt of its depth or its continuity. Conversions that depend upon price are always at the mercy of a higher price. We should be sorry to suppose, also, that "re-adjustment" was a Republican principle in Virginia or anywhere else.

Mr. Mahone's declaration that he "is in every sense a free man" will be welcomed cordially by everybody who prefers free men to slaves, whether of persons or of parties. But the scene was a little comical, because the whole contest was partisan. The point of the discussion was simply which party should control the committees, and it was ludicrous to hear Mr. Hill at one moment blandly complimenting Judge Davis for renouncing his Republican sympathies, and at the next storming at Mr. Mahone for renouncing his Democratic ties. Mr. Logan, also, who would feel hurt should his unyielding stalwartism be challenged, defended the right of changing political opinions, and suggested that Mr. Hill was once a Whig, as he might have suggested that Mr. Logan was once a Democrat. But apart from all the comedy and dicker, it is certainly pleasant to hear a Senator elected by a Virginia Legislature declaring unequivocally for a free and honest vote, and taunting a Georgia Senator with the tissue ballot.

PENNY-WISE.

United States Judge Choate, of this district, has resigned, and states frankly that it is because of the smallness of the salary. It will occur to everybody that it is poor policy for a great nation to conduct its judicial system in such a way that it can secure only two classes of persons for judges —poor lawyers and rich men. Of course there are rich men who are also good lawyers, and who are rich men because they are good lawyers. But good lawyers are like other clever men—they desire to prosper, and to make provision for their families; and if they can make fortunes at the bar, while they can but just scrape along upon the bench, they will make the most profitable use of their ability.

Of the great ability and of the valuable service of Mr. Choate as a judge there is no doubt, and there is a general feeling that his resignation is a public loss. It would be also in a way a public benefit if it should lead to a reasonable disposition of the subject. The familiar argument that, in a country of moderate incomes, it should be easy to find good lawyers who will go upon the bench for a small salary and a great deal of honor, is unhappily encountered by the fact that it is not easy, and that although there are good lawyers upon the bench, they are of two kinds—those who can remain because they are rich, and those who can not remain because they are poor.

The principle upon which a judge's salary should be adjusted is obvious. It should be large enough both to enable him to live in a becoming manner and to lay by something every year. If the bench should thus become a prize to the profession, it would become what it ought to be. The question should not be what good lawyer can be persuaded to become United States judge, but which of the good lawyers who are ambitious to fill the seat should be called to fill it. The true policy of every civilized state is to keep its judicial magistracy pure and able, and the first condition of obtaining this result is to remove it from anxiety about a livelihood. There is no need of absolute uniformity. There are, for instance, some United States districts in which the expenses of living are very much less than in others, and the salaries should be adjusted accordingly. A very little inquiry upon the part of doubting members of Congress would show them that a salary of $4000 a year in this district, although it may not make it impossible to fill the judgeship worthily, as Mr. Choate's incumbency shows, is a sum that can not retain men like Mr. Choate unless they chance also to be rich.

POSTMASTER PEARSON.

The appointment of Mr. Pearson to be Postmaster at New York was instantly requested, upon the promotion of Mr. James, by all who had dealings with the Post-office, and who knew that the excellent system of administration which has been introduced there owed its success largely to the efficient co-operation of Mr. Pearson with Mr. James. The appointment was felt to be as fitting as that of Mr. James to be Postmaster-General. Mr. Pearson is not a politician. His interest and his ambition are in the faithful and progressive administration of his office, and he owes his elevation wholly to the fact that he had proved his peculiar ability for the position. The universal approval is approval of the principle that the chief conduct of a business office of the government should be intrusted to a man who has shown the proper business capacity, and who will not be diverted from his duty by extraneous considerations.

Now what is true of the New York Post-office—which is by far the largest—is true of all the 42,000 Post-offices in the country. It is not necessary to put it in charge of a politician, or to make its headship the reward of party service, or to regard it as a head-quarters of political management; but if, on the contrary, as is conclusively proved, its efficiency and service to the public increase just in the degree that politics are excluded from it, then it is equally true of every other similar office in the country that its proper and public efficiency would be enormously increased if political interference were excluded. It is as true of the New York Custom-house as of the New York Post-office, that if its head were selected solely because of his proved business experience and administrative capacity, without the least regard to his ability to carry primaries and caucuses, its business would be infinitely better done, and with an enormous saving of money to the people of the United States, and it is equally true of every other custom-house. Mr. Pearson has risen steadily from a lower position in the Post-office to the head of it. Will anybody seriously contend that the public advantage would have been better promoted if some of the noted city politicians had been appointed Postmaster instead of Mr. Pearson? There is no reason whatever why there should not be a similar rising to the head of all such offices, or why they should be made the rewards of mere party zeal. It is a matter for the people to decide; and when they are of opinion that the public business will be better performed if the public agents are selected by some other method than political and personal favoritism, there will be a wholesome change.

In the non-political public service original appointments should be made to the lower grades, and experience and ability should work their way upward. At present, appointments, promotions, and removals are made, except in a few instances, by mere personal and political pressure. Everybody relies upon his backer, not upon his record of service. Happily the appointment of Mr. Pearson is greeted with an approval which shows how instinctive is the recognition of the sound principle. To doubt that that principle will finally reconstruct the system of supplying our minor civil service is to doubt—what we do not—the good sense of the people.

A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

There is no more accomplished and admirable librarian in the country than Mr. Spofford, of the Congressional Library, and no more abominably neglected library in the world. It is not his fault. He has labored and pleaded and protested, but in vain. There is nothing more discreditable, nothing more humiliating in its way, than the barbarian contempt with which the great national collections of the highest his-

torical value are thrust into dark and damp cellars to mould, and into inflammable attics to burn. The Library Committees of the two Houses ought to propose to erect a statue of the Caliph Omar, who made still shorter work of the Alexandrian Library. Congress evidently takes the Omar view of a library. It is an obstruction and a nuisance, and occupies space that might be devoted to lunch-rooms and billiard saloons.

A recent letter in the *Tribune* describes in detail and with great vigor the criminal neglect of the Congressional Library. There are, says the correspondent, about 400,000 volumes of books, pamphlets, and newspapers. A hundred thousand of these are stored in and upon about 50,000 feet of dry pine lumber. In an attic under the roof of the old Capitol there are 5000 bound volumes of files of American and foreign newspapers—a priceless collection, which could not be replaced. Many of these are piled in masses of twenty to fifty tiers. The entire series of national public documents is also piled here like cord-wood, and to procure a volume costs the attendant a half hour. Nothing could save these accumulations from entire destruction if a fire should break out. In the dungeons and vaults below there are all kinds of valuable literary material slowly moulding away. There is no proper space for the work of the gentlemen employed in the library, and no accommodations whatever for students. Such inconvenience is always very expensive, and the correspondent says that there are two thousand public libraries in the country more conveniently arranged than the Congressional Library. The yearly increase of books is now about 20,000 volumes, and a careful estimate shows that in thirty-two years, with the present ratio of increase, the accumulation will be sufficient to fill the entire Capitol.

Every year the untiring and energetic librarian has raised his voice, and demanded attention to the pressing necessities of the library, urging a new building with proper accommodations; and a few members of Congress, who know that books are wiser than most men—even members of Congress—have endeavored to procure some action. Other members have thought that it would be well to "weed out" with fire, and that a committee might wisely be appointed to reduce the bulk of the library. There is now some little prospect of obtaining a building, but how suitable it will be, those who know what such works generally are, when done under Congressional auspices, may imagine. Such a building should be the result of the most careful observation and knowledge. Mr. Spofford might well be sent by the government upon a tour of observation through Europe and America to satisfy himself personally of all that modern intelligence and skill have provided for the most convenient storing of libraries. It is easy to make a huge and costly mistake, and no pains should be spared to avoid it.

THE PEOPLE AND THE STREETS.

The great and extraordinary meeting of citizens of New York to protest against the dangerously unhealthy condition of the streets was a most significant arraignment of the authorities for negligence and incapacity. The winter has been unusually severe. There have been several severe epidemics, especially of scarlet fever and diphtheria, and the small-pox has been almost rife enough to be declared to be epidemic. The death rate has alarmingly increased. The Academy of Medicine, by the voice of some of the most respected and eminent of physicians, has warned the community against the danger of allowing the situation to continue, and the signatures to the call for a public meeting made as remarkable a list of the most eminent citizens of New York as has ever been seen. There was a general disgust with the inefficiency of the authorities, and a general demand for vigorous and effective measures to avert the perils of the situation.

The meeting was immense in numbers. Its spirit was resolute and unanimous. The resolutions were brief and pointed, declaring that the present street-cleaning system had failed, that the business should be intrusted to one department, and that it should be free from politics. They also provided for a committee of fifteen to obtain adequate legislation. The speeches were to the purpose. There was no mincing the fact that the Police Board is to blame, and Mr. Choate's speech was a stinging and ringing criticism and censure of the Board, justly pointing out that the mischief lay in its composite character, and that it is made up of two members of each party who are "in the hands of the machine politicians of both parties." He said, amid thunders of applause, that if the Board could not clean out the streets, the people could clean out the Commissioners. He would intrust the whole matter to the Mayor, and trust to his responsibility. The committee was appointed, and will go to work at once.

The concentration of responsibility in the Mayor is a sound principle, but there will be no really efficient and satisfactory administration so long as the purely partisan and spoils system continues which generates all the evils. On the day before the meeting the *Herald* called attention to the decline of Central Park, and to the danger of insult to which women and children are exposed there. It attributes the disgraceful mismanagement to the inefficiency of its police force, and it sums up the whole matter truly and sententiously in saying, "The whole trouble lies in the fact that the Park management is part of the political machine." That is the reason, also, why drunken nurses and brutal attendants in the city institutions can not be discharged. Some powerful "influence" placed them there, and they must not be disturbed. This absurd and pernicious system is the universal poison. It taints everything that it touches. It paralyzes good government. There are plenty of means and authority and knowledge and desire to have the city clean and to keep it clean, and the curse that baffles them all is political patronage. It is most significant that this was so plainly stated at the meeting, and every good citizen can take fresh heart.

POOR JACK.

In his recent annual report, Dr. C. H. King, of the Seamen's Retreat Hospital upon Staten Island, speaks of the shipping of unsound men as a crying evil of our merchant marine. If our policy is to drive the American flag from the ocean, it is, perhaps, comparatively unimportant whether American sailors are good for anything or not, or, indeed, whether there are any. But our merchant marine is the school of our naval marine, and unless we propose to abandon the navy, we must take care that we are able to man it properly.

Dr. King states that among the class facetiously called "able-bodied seamen" there is a large percentage of cripples and diseased persons. Captain Williams, of the steamer *Atlantic*, which was lost some years ago, testified that "ten sound seamen out of forty is an unusually high percentage," and careful statistics show that the average life of a sailor is about twelve years. The navy, indeed, in enlisting seamen, requires conformity to a fixed physical standard, but in an emergency it would necessarily be recruited from the unsound class, while the losses to the merchant marine, due to the unable-bodied, may be imagined.

Dr. King's remedy is simple, and that is a physical examination of all seamen by competent experts before shipping. "To enforce this system at once," says the doctor, "would create a revolution, and excite great opposition from the land-sharks and middle-men who now fatten on Jack's credulity and hard-earned wages. But when the skipper realized, as he soon would, that sound men meant short, economic voyages, greater safety to ship and cargo, less expense and inconvenience, and when owners realized, in addition thereto, larger profits and fewer losses, and when cripples were prevented from going to sea, and sound men had only their own duty to do instead of that of disabled comrades, then would all be thankful for such a law, and commerce itself receive at least one tangible benefit from legislation." It is not the first time that Dr. King has made this sensible suggestion, and he will doubtless sow the seed until it sprouts.

A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

There was so very decided an expression of the general feeling that Mr. Stanley Matthews is not a suitable person for a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States that his renomination is a very disagreeable surprise. One of the vitally important qualifications of a judge is public confidence in his judicial character, and that is precisely what is wanting in this instance. There is no question of Mr. Matthews's personal character, nor of his professional learning and general ability. But there is very general doubt whether a man of his known views and professional connections is fitted for the Supreme Bench, and this grave doubt is a grave disqualification. When President Grant nominated Mr. George H. Williams and then Mr. Caleb Cushing to be Chief Justice of the United States, the general and instant condemnation of the nominations was sufficient reason for rejection.

Mr. Matthews's course upon the financial question shows him to be thoroughly unsound. If the entire Supreme Bench shared his views upon that subject, there would be profound uneasiness because of the possible final disastrous decision upon this most momentous question. His attitude toward the power of great corporations, also, is not re-assuring. There is a deep-seated suspicion that his judicial action might be swayed, perhaps unconsciously, so as not to be truly impartial.

In the present disabled condition of the court, every appointment should tend to strengthen it in popular confidence and regard. But it will not be urged that the appointment of Mr. Matthews would have that effect. There are lawyers of equally high personal character and professional accomplishment whose selection would be hailed as absolutely unobjectionable. It seems to us to be a serious mistake to pass them all by, and to renominate a gentleman whom public opinion has condemned, and whose accession to the bench would diminish and not increase popular respect for the highest court.

A SIGNIFICANT MEETING.

It was pleasant to see Mr. Schurz and General Miles upon the same platform at Association Hall, and agreeing in the policy that should be pursued by this country toward the Indians. Those who agree that the traditional treatment of the Indians by the government has been inhuman and unjustifiable, and who propose wise and practicable measures hereafter, are really friends and allies. Ex-Secretary Schurz represents an administration whose Indian record, including the appointment of General Miles's commission, is the best in our history, and General Miles is identified with the commission whose brave and humane report is worthy of American gentlemen and statesmen.

In the existing situation in this country Mr. Schurz justly holds that the alternative for the Indian is extermination or civilization. It is impossible to allot hundreds of thousands of square miles for his hunting grounds, and if it were attempted it would lead to endless wars. The Indians must be civilized, and gradually absorbed in the body of the people, and finally they must become citizens. In the mean while they must be taught to work, to hold lands in severalty and not as tribes, and the youth must be educated. And they are rapidly becoming ready for this course.

Mr. Schurz spoke very warmly of the Hampton and Carlisle schools, and said that instead of two schools, there should be fifteen in the older States. At present a building for girls was greatly needed at Hampton. General Miles followed Mr. Schurz, highly commending the Hampton school, and the famous Indian fighter declared that the Indians must be civilized, and that education is the only way to civilize them. He agreed that they are now ready, and that this is the solution of the Indian problem. Captain Pratt, of the Carlisle school, spoke in a very lively vein of the readiness and capacity of the Indian for civilization. There are 50,000 Indian children in the country, and there ought to be a hundred schools to influence them. General Armstrong, Bishop Hare, and Dr. Potter also spoke. A liberal subscription was made for the girls' hall at Hampton. But the significance of the meeting was as a sign of the awakening of the people to the resolution that the Indians shall hereafter be treated by the government as human beings, and not as vermin.

PERSONAL.

Lord William Lennox, recently deceased, is said to have been the last survivor of those who witnessed the exciting scenes at the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels, so vividly described by Lord Byron. His father, then Duke of Richmond, was asked by Wellington for a map, and took him into an outer room to show him one. There Wellington, after studying it some moments, made a sudden mark with his thumbnail, saying, "I shall fight him there!" The map, with the mark, has been reverently preserved.

—Lord Beaconsfield, according to the London correspondent of *The Publishers' Weekly*, has another novel ready for publication, which may appear before the close of the year. It deals with political affairs of a more recent date, and will therefore be more generally interesting than *Endymion*.

—In reference to the fortune of $200,000 left by George Eliot to the children and family of her first husband, it is authoritatively stated that the will was made prior to her marriage with Mr. Cross, who expressly desired that her property should be so disposed of, he having an ample fortune of his own.

—The Boston *Post* is quite fearless in saying: "Let a man say two and two make four, and it is not preposterous to imagine that you are listening to a great financier. But if he talks about a reduplicated duality, it is quite as preposterous if you do not consider him a fool."

—The best Boston notion we have noticed this year is thus mentioned in the Harvard *Crimson*: "President Eliot, while walking in Boston, met an old gentleman well known for his liberality to the college. As they passed each other, the old gentleman asked, seemingly in jest, 'Well, what do you want now?' The president replied, in the same tone, 'A new law school.' A few days after, the president received an invitation to lunch, after which conversation turned upon college matters, until the subject of the law school was brought up. When asked what amount would be needed for the new building, the President named $100,000. His host excused himself for a moment, and soon returned with papers which gave $100,000 to Harvard University for a new law school building."

—Mr. James C. Fargo, of the American Express Company, has given to St. Thomas's Church, of which he is a vestryman, $4000, in memory of his aged parents. The gift is to be known as "The Fargo Memorial Fund of St. Thomas's Church," and the interest is to be forever applied to the relief and education of the poor. Another gift of $5000 has also been made to the church for the benefit of the poor by Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Flower, in memory of an only son, Henry Keep Flower, who died January 17, aged fifteen. It is to be known as "The Henry Keep Flower Memorial Fund of St. Thomas's Church."

—Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, in a sermon recently delivered in Calvary Church, paid a glowing tribute to the character of the late Dr. Washburn. "He was," said the bishop, "not a sensational preacher, and had no tricks of oratory, but with the force of his thought and his eloquence he produced the profoundest impression. In light literature he would have made his mark; there was no better reviewer than he; his power of analysis was equal to his constructive skill. He was also a true poet, as a few of his verses that have seen the light prove, and as others do that we trust will not long be lost to the world. He has translated beautifully some Latin lyrics, to read which would make one doubt that he was anything but a poet. He also wrote some exquisitely humorous verses. As a man, he was as transparent as day; he never concealed his opinions, and sometimes they broke out a little fiercely. In religion he was as truthful as in everything else. The salient points in his character were as evident in his walk before God as before men. He was so much absorbed in the study of great religious truths that he had but little time left to dwell on his own personality. But he did not allow his passion for study to interfere with his active work. He believed that men were put on earth to save others besides themselves. His faith was a personal trust in a personal Christ. He reminds us of St. Paul more than of any other of the apostles."

—The settlement of Colonel James's accounts as Postmaster of New York within twenty-four hours after his retiring from office, and the discharge of his bondsmen, is the highest possible tribute that could be paid to his fidelity and ability as a government official.

—Writing in reference to George Eliot, Mr. Moncure D. Conway says: "I have observed a paragraph in American papers to the effect that Mrs. Lewes, wife of the late G. H. Lewes, is insane. I am acquainted with personal friends of that lady, and have heard much concerning her, but I never heard of her insanity, and am convinced that this is a mistake. She resides at Notting Hill with her daughter, who has at various times been a governess."

—Concerning Judge Hunt, the new Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Pickett, who was the Confederate Minister to Mexico, recently said of him: "Hunt is as good a man as lives in the South. He is a native of South Carolina. Although the North dislikes South Carolina, many of the ideas governing the South started in that State. The Union element was quite a match for the secession element. All the Hunts are Unionists. This particular Hunt never did believe in secession. Garfield is a smart man in choosing for one of his cabinet probably the greatest man in the South who never believed in the scheme of a Southern Empire. The man is an American through and through, and hardly recognizes the existence of schism in the country."

—A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* describes Herbert Spencer as a man about five feet nine inches tall, slight, and spare in figure. There is nothing of the typical John Bull about him. He is dressed in a simple business suit, dark coat and light trousers. His forehead is high, and its apparent height is increased by the growing baldness of the forehead part of his crown. His hair is thin, light, and straight. He has no mustache, but sandy side whiskers, a little after the English clerical fashion. Though his health is poor—as it has been for some years—so that he can work only about three hours a day, his face is not much wrinkled, and he does not look his age. His looks would tell you that he is fifty, though his real age is just threescore. He was born in Derbyshire, was trained as an engineer, and has had no university education. It is rumored that he once loved George Eliot, but be that as it may, he has never married. His life is that of a laborious student, and he husbands all his strength that he may complete, if possible, the great scheme which was conceived forty years ago, and is still unfinished. His manner is perfectly simple, no airs, no affectations, assumptions, dignities, lofty pedestals, or apparent consciousness of superiority. He is perfectly unassuming and companionable.

—Speaking of Mrs. J. W. Mackey, who has for the last few years lived in Paris, the *Figaro* says she is "a pretty brunette, whose expression and whose figure recall the Princess Metternich." *Figaro* adds, "Happily for 'la famille Mackey,' she possesses a remarkable amount of good sense with which to guide it through the Parisian ocean of society."

—The Lord Chancellor has by far the largest amount of Church patronage in England at his disposal. Of private patrons, the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Lonsdale stand highest on the list. The largest living, Winwick, is in the gift of the Earl of Derby, and is valued at $16,000 a year.

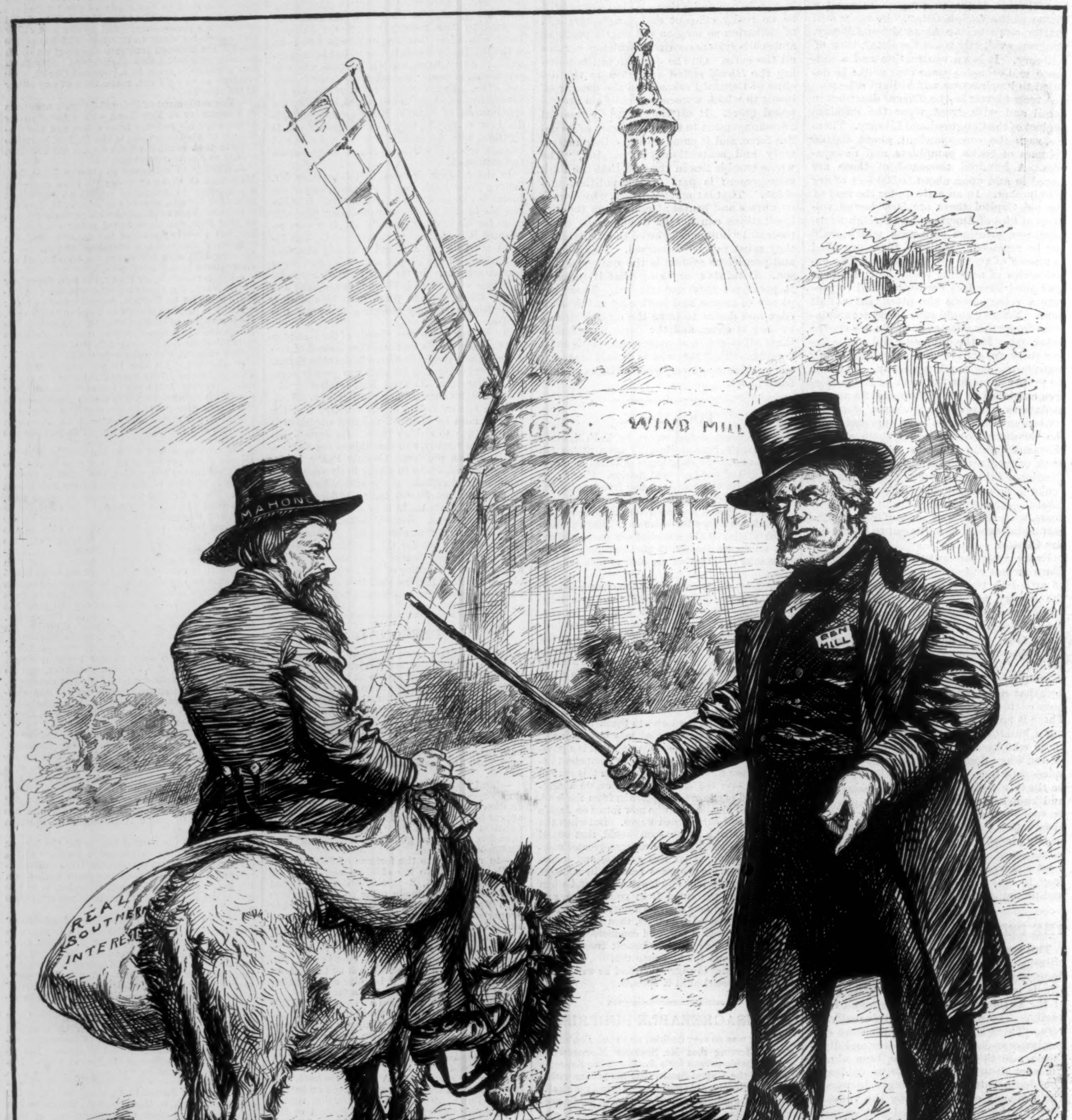
—A few days ago, at the Baptist ministers' meeting in this city, while Dr. Farwell was speaking, Dr. Wayland Hoyt tilted his chair back so far that it fell over, and Dr. Hoyt was laid flat upon the floor. Of course the brethren laughed. Dr. J. F. Elder, who was Moderator, very quietly said, "Dr. Hoyt has the floor," which, aside from its accuracy, seemed to be received with general applause.

—Father Prat, who has just been appointed pastor of St. Columba's Church by Cardinal McCloskey, is a young priest of more than ordinary accomplishments and promise. His father is a retired officer of the French navy. His theological education was acquired at the College of the Propaganda in Rome, where he was a classmate of Father H. C. Macdowall, of St. Agnes's Church, in this city, with whom he has been associated since the organization of that parish. In addition to good classical attainments, Father Prat is master of several modern languages, and preaches in English, French, and Italian.

—Our bright new contemporary the *Critic* has a pleasant article on "Björnson in the United States," in which he is classed as one of the most powerful of living orators, and that he has risen to his present exceptional position in his native land by dint of his marvellous power of speech. The *Critic* also says that "if Björnson had become intimately acquainted with such vigorous thinkers as John Fiske, Henry James, Sen., James Freeman Clarke, and a dozen others whose names immediately occur to us, his views of Massachusetts would have been greatly modified. It may not be a breach of confidence to say that, like so many others who have the privilege of calling Mr. Howells their friend, he went away, after his visit to the literary hermitage at Belmont, full of enthusiasm for the genial author and his family. There he felt himself completely understood, and to an affectionate nature like Björnson's, sojourning in a strange land, that is a sweet and precious sensation. In a little note written to Mr. Howells in acknowledgment of a railroad pass which the latter had procured for him, he expresses quaintly his warm appreciation of his new friend: 'That you are sovereign lord of all hearts, that I knew; but of the railroads—dear me!'"

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

An illustrated Supplement will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of Harper's Weekly.



THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

For many generations it had been the custom of the Bourbons, when riding their mules to the grist-mill, to balance their grain in one end of the bag with a heavy stone in the other. At length a man, who saw the folly of this custom, on starting for the mill, threw out the stone, and balanced the load by dividing the grain into equal portions. This raised a howl of indignation from the Bourbons, who still held that the old way was the only one to follow.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

A GRACEFUL CUP.

THE Intercollegiate Athletic Championship Cup, just completed by TIFFANY & Co., is of oxidized silver. It is a "loving-cup," with two handles, and rests on four legs. A ribbon runs around the top, on which, in raised letters, are the words, "Intercollegiate Athletic Challenge Cup." The design consists of a ribbon surrounding the cup, and so interwoven as to leave spaces of about one and a half inches in diameter. Within these spaces the surface is plain, so as to enable the suitable inscriptions to be placed thereon. The cup is very heavy, and about ten and a half inches high. Spaces are left for the names of the winners in twenty-four contests. The cup is to be competed for at every annual field meeting of the association, and will be held for one year by the winner.

ALEXANDER III.

THE new Czar, ALEXANDER ALEXANDROVITCH, who has been called to the throne of all the Russias under such tragic circumstances, was born on the 26th of February (March 10, New Style), 1845. As a child his education was varied and thorough. He was an apt pupil, and his knowledge of both civil and military affairs is considerable. His study in the Anitchkov Palace is fitted up with maps and globes, and among the books historical works in many languages predominate. He is a great reader of newspapers, especially when travelling, and he has taken personal interest in the publication of the state papers of Russia.

On the 9th of November, 1866, he was married to the Princess MARIA DAGMAR, daughter of CHRISTIAN IX., King of Denmark. Their children are NICHOLAS, born in 1868; GEORGE, born in 1871; XENIA, born in 1875; MICHAEL, born in 1878; and one younger child. Like his father, ALEXANDER III. is some six feet in height, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, and seemingly of great strength. His eyes are light gray, and his head is large and of a shape which phrenologists say indicates a strong will. His mouth is small, with good teeth; his hair is auburn, and his complexion very fair. In St. Petersburg he usually wears a uniform, but when visiting his wife's relations he wears a shepherd's plaid, and neither gloves nor jewelry. He is an excellent family man, and in Copenhagen, where he and the Princess DAGMAR are both great favorites, they walk about in the most unceremonious manner.

Very little can be said as to the domestic and foreign policy which ALEXANDER III. may pursue, but it seems probable that neither will be moulded after his father's. It is well known that during the lifetime of the late Czar he differed with his father on questions of constitutional reform, and it is not unlikely that he may at once initiate a more liberal policy.

JAMES W. McDILL, OF IOWA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.

THE SENATE.

THE HON. ANGUS CAMERON, who succeeds the Hon. MATTHEW H. CARPENTER as United States Senator from Wisconsin, was elected to the Senate in 1875 for a term of six years. When the time was up he declined a re-election, and Mr. PHILETUS SAWYER was chosen in his place. Soon afterward Mr. CARPENTER died, leaving four years of his term unexpired, and Mr. CAMERON consenting, the Legislature elected him to fill the vacancy. The Senator is a native of this State, having been born at Caledonia, Livingston County. He is fifty-five years of age, and a lawyer by profession. He removed to La Crosse, Wisconsin, in 1857, and served several terms in the State Legislature.

ALEXANDER III., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

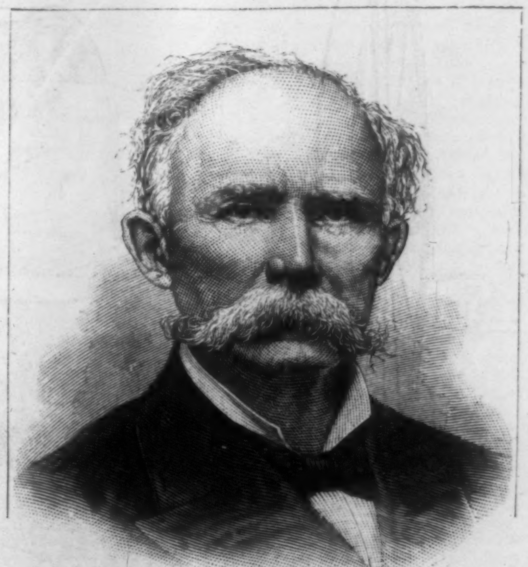
The new Senator from Iowa, Hon. JAMES WILSON McDILL, was born in Ohio, and is forty-seven years of age. After graduating at the Miami University in 1853, he went to Iowa, but returned to Ohio the next year, and studied law at Columbus. In 1856 he was admitted to the bar, and soon afterward went to Iowa again, where he has lived ever since. He has filled several judicial offices in that State, and has served in the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses. Mr. McDILL is described as rather thickset and below the medium height. He has a ruddy, frank face, and a deep scar under his right eye; his head, which is large and well-shaped, is surmounted with a mass of gray-mixed sandy hair. He is quiet and reserved in demeanor, but he has indications of a firm and persistent character.

THE NEW MINISTER TO FRANCE.

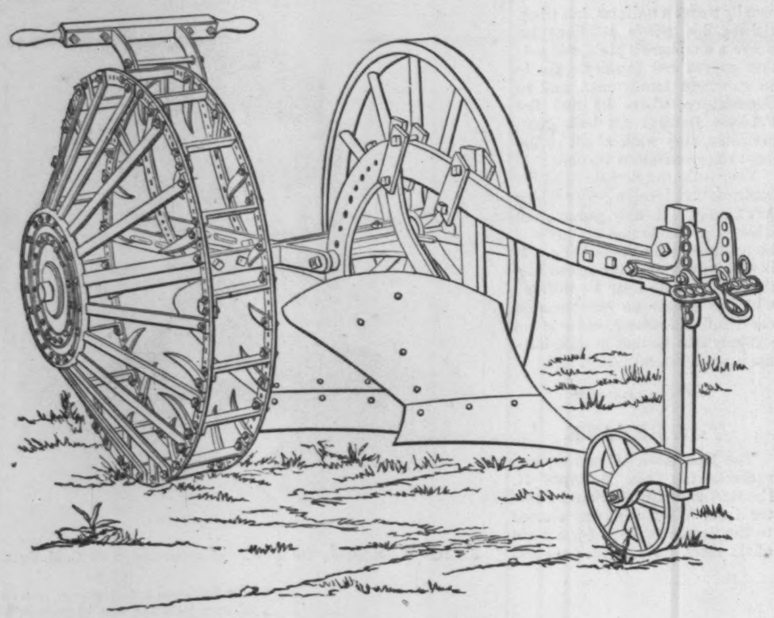
THE HON. LEVI P. MORTON, recently appointed as United States Minister to France, is a well-known banker of this city, who served with distinction as a member of the Forty-sixth Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-seventh. He is fifty-six years of age, and a Vermonter by birth. After receiving a public-school and academic education, he commenced mercantile business at Hanover, New Hampshire. Five years later he removed to Boston, and in 1854 came to this city, where he rapidly advanced to the front rank of the successful men of the metropolis. He was appointed by the President Honorary Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

H. G. PEARSON, POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 210.]

L. P. MORTON, MINISTER TO FRANCE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BAKER & RECORD.



ANGUS CAMERON, OF WISCONSIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FASSETT.



THE SACKETT PLOUGH—FRONT VIEW.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.

ACCORDING to the Mount Union *Times*, Mr. CHARLES E. SACKETT, superintendent of the Matilda Furnace at Mount Union, Pennsylvania, has perfected an invention which can not fail to be invaluable to the farmers of this country. It is a combination of the plough and harrow, by means of which the two operations of ploughing and harrowing are performed at once, thus effecting a great saving in time and labor. Our illustrations show the appearance of the plough in two positions, in one of which it is ready for work, in the other ready for transportation.

The Mount Union *Times*, the editor of which was present at several trials of this valuable invention, and who reports in the highest terms on its performance, gives the following description of its construction:

"It consists of a complete iron beam plough, adapted in all respects to the uses of a common beam plough, and differing but little from one. This is combined with an axle, crossing it at right angles, and carrying on one end the harrowing wheel, or pulverizer, which runs in the furrow last opened right alongside the mould-board, and receives the earth from it for pulverization. On the other end of the axle is a common wheel, or land-wheel, of the same size as the pulverizing wheel. These two wheels, with a forward gauge-wheel, operating on a sliding post, constitute the running gear of the implement, and enable it to be transported over the roughest roads without having to be lifted or loaded upon a wagon or sled, as ploughs and harrows must be.

"Running in front of the regular mould-board, or plough, there is a smaller plough, which is intended to cut about two inches in depth, cutting off the sod, grass, weeds, or corn stalks, and throwing them into the furrow last made. The machine, then, is actually two ploughs and a harrow combined. The first plough cuts off the top of the ground, and throws it, along with whatever material it is desirable to have well covered so as to rot quickly, to the bottom of the last-made furrow. The second plough cuts into the ground any depth desired, and throws all the earth that is turned over into the harrow-wheel."

Mr. SACKETT'S plough is said by those who have witnessed the trials to perform its work in the most satisfactory manner. As the earth falls from the plough into the harrow, which is full of sharp teeth, it is ground and pulverized to a degree, it is alleged, never before attainable, sifted out upon the grass and weeds at the bottom of the furrow, and completely covering them. It is said, also, that by this process the ground becomes more perfectly aerated than by the usual operation of ploughing and harrowing, while the surface is left as level and fine as a garden bed that has been spaded by hand.

All after-trampling of the ploughed soil by the teams, in the usual process of harrowing, is thus avoided. It is well known that the great fault of American farming is that it is not thorough enough. Better pulverization would in many instances double the crop. Land in England is often ploughed four or five times to produce pulverization, and sixty to seventy bushels of wheat to the acre is not uncommon.

The price of labor in this country precludes such thorough work; but if it can be done by machinery that cheapens the cost, then more wheat on less acres, with less work, is a possibility.

Ploughing, as now carried on, is an inversion, not perfect pulverization, of the soil; the larger the plough, the larger is the furrow turned, and the more solid the land when ploughed; the crop must grow out of this mass, solid as it is, except for the pulverization given the surface by the harrow-teeth. Beyond the depth of the harrow-teeth, which is seldom more than two inches, the ground is packed still harder by the trampling of the teams in harrowing. To show also the prospective value and demand for such an implement as a labor-saving invention, we quote from "Notes and Observations in the West," by Mr. JUDD, of the *American Agriculturist*, during his recent trip as Indian Commissioner. He says:

"It is an immense gain for emigrants from the Eastern States and from Europe, who come hither early in the spring, to put in a crop at once that will furnish food for the following winter. There is no doubt this can be done much more largely than has generally been supposed. We have seen to-day and yesterday fair corn, pretty good oats, promising potatoes and beans, all on ground that in April last was in its wild state. The corn and oats are on sod treated thus: First a team, with the usual breaking plough, goes ahead, and a thin sod two to three inches deep is turned over flat. Following immediately after is another common plough set to cut one to one and a half inches deep, which takes up a second layer of the under soil and throws it upon the turned sod. A light harrow, with the teeth inclined backward, is then put on, which finely pulverizes the top layer and a little of the soil on the sod, but without tearing up or disturbing the sod itself. This furnishes a good seed bed, in which the corn is planted and the oats sown. They keep ahead of the weeds, and show well at this date."

The above extract gives disinterested and valuable testimony as to the value and demand for the combined plough and pulverizing harrow patented by CHARLES E. SACKETT, which not only accomplishes the three separate operations therein alluded to in one passage over the land, but does it in a far more intelligent and satisfactory manner. The front plough not only lays the sod over flat, but the harrow-wheel, rolling upon the reverse side of it, crushes it down into the furrow; the rear plough will not only bring up one to one and a half inches of the subsoil, but four to six inches if desired, which, being passed through the harrow-wheel, is thoroughly pulverized and distributed over the reversed sod in a loose porous manner that is never subverted by the after-passage of the teams in harrowing.

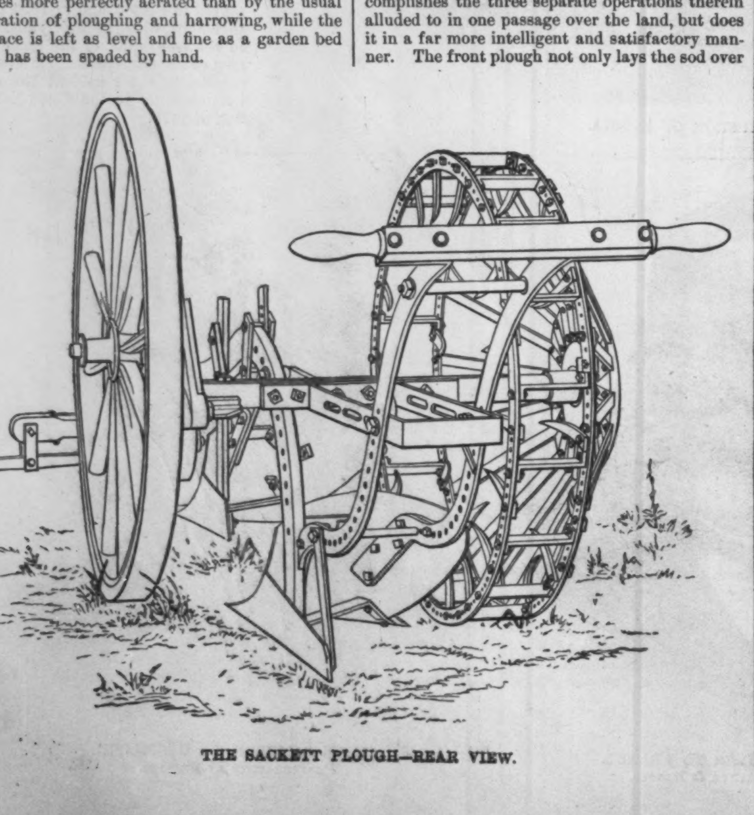
The usual Western three-horse team is ample power for the whole operation. The plough has been tried on several farms in the vicinity of Mount Union, and at Newton Hamilton, Pennsylvania, with most satisfactory results, and with a two-horse team, mostly also in stiff clay soil.

It has had several public exhibitions, the last being at the Seventh Annual Tri-State Grangers' Fair, at Williams Grove, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, where one was kept at field-work two entire days (August 26 and 27), exciting the greatest interest, and accomplishing the most satisfactory results.

It was entered for exhibition at the Ohio State Fair, at the Pennsylvania State Fair, at the Fair of the New England Agricultural Society, at the Kansas City Fair, at the New Jersey State Fair, at the Indiana State Fair, and at most of the leading fairs during September and October of last year. At the New England Agricultural State Fair it was awarded the highest premium—a silver medal—and has taken premiums wherever any were offered for its class.

We have devoted considerable space to the description of Mr. SACKETT'S combined plough and harrow, because competent judges aver that it does all that is claimed for it, and if so, it will be of great advantage to the agricultural interest of the country. It is not yet in the market, but the inventor is prepared to arrange for State rights for its manufacture. It can be sold for a moderate price, and being made of iron and steel, and of such simple construction as not easily to get out of order, it will, with ordinary care, last for many years.

Mr. SACKETT'S invention is fully covered by patents in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, and other countries. His patents also include a drill attachment, so that when the machine is perfected, the ground can be ploughed, harrowed, and seeded all at once; but this attachment, we believe, will not be introduced at present.



THE SACKETT PLOUGH—REAR VIEW.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I WOLDE LIVE IN PEES, IF THAT I MIGHT."

THEY had been three days at the homely, comfortable hotel at Les Avants, and Madoline was looking all the better for the fresh hill-side air—a fact upon which Mrs. Ferrers expatiated as the latest confirmation of the one all-abiding fact of her own ineffable wisdom. It was one of the loveliest days there had been in all that delicious month of summer weather, passing warm, yet with a gentle west wind that faintly stirred the heavy chestnut leaves, and breathed on Daphne's cheek, or fluttered round her neck like a caress, scarcely moving the soft lace ruffle round her throat. It was a day on which a white gown seemed the only thing possible in costume, and Daphne and Lina were both dressed in white. It was not by any means the kind of day for climbing or excursionizing of any kind, as even that ardent explorer Aunt Rhoda was fain to confess; rather a day on which to wander gently up and down easy paths, or to sit in the pine woods reading Tennyson or Browning, or adding a few lazy stitches to the last sunflower in hand.

"You seem to go at your work with a good deal less vigor, Daphne," said Edgar, seated at his lady's feet, on a carpet of fir needles, his knees drawn up to his chin, clad in light gray alpaca, and a Panama hat on the back of his head—a cool but not especially becoming costume. Mr. Turchill was not one of those few men who look well in unconventional clothes.

"The weather is too warm for industry."

"I'm afraid those curtains will never be finished."

"Oh yes, they will. I mean to persevere. I may be a very old woman by the time they are done, but I am not going to give in. Lina says my life is a thing of shreds and patches. I will show her that I am not to be daunted by the stupendousness of a task. Three hundred and fifty-one and a quarter sunflowers still to be done. Doesn't it rather remind you of that type of the everlasting—a rock against which a bird scrapes its beak once in a thousand years, and when the bird has worn away the whole rock, time will come to an end. Please go on with 'Luria,' and try to be a little more dramatic and a little less monotonous."

They lived all day in the woods, taking their luncheon picnic fashion under the pine-trees. The two young men catered and fetched and carried for them, assisted by Mowser. They brought cold fowls, and sliced Strasburg ham, and salad, fruit and cake, a bottle of Bordeaux and another of a Swiss white wine which was rather like a weak imitation of Devonshire perry. But such a meal, spread upon a snow-white table-cloth under pine-trees, over whose dark feathery tops gleams the blue bright summer heaven, is about the most enjoyable banquet possible for youthful revellers. Even Aunt Rhoda admitted that it was an agreeable change from the home comforts of Arden Rectory.

"I hope my dear rector is being taken care of," she murmured, plaintively, when she had dulled the edge of an appetite sharpened by that clear air.

"I hope you will all do justice to the chickens," said Gerald, looking across at Daphne, who sat by Edgar's side in a thoroughly Darby and Joanish manner. "I remember once being at a picnic in a forest where an elderly fowl was made quite a feature of. My hostess fancied I was desperately hungry, and was quite distressed at my avoidance of the ancient bird."

Daphne's eyes were on her plate, but a slow smile crept over her face in spite of herself. She and Gerald had scarcely spoken, scarcely looked at each other, in all those days among the pine-trees. They had lived in daily intercourse, and yet contrived to dwell as completely apart as if the lake had flowed between them, as if he, like St. Preux, had gazed across the blue waters to catch the glimmer of his beloved's casement, and she, like Julie, had pined in the home that was desolate without love's fatal presence. It was hardly possible for resolve to have been firmer than Daphne's had been since that night at Fribourg. It was hardly possible for an honest purpose to have been more honestly fulfilled.

After luncheon they all sat idly looking down at the distant lake, lying so far beneath their feet, like a pool of blue water in the hollow of the hills, or wandered a little here and there, searching out higher points from which to look down at the lake, or across to the cloud-wrapped Alps. As the day wore on, the light western breeze dropped and died away, and there came the stillness of a sultry August afternoon, just such an atmosphere as that of the lotus-eaters' isle, the land where it was always afternoon.

Daphne sat on a knoll a little way below her aunt, struggling with a sunflower, heartily tired of it all the time, and painfully oppressed by the consciousness of three hundred and fifty-one sunflowers remaining to be done after this one.

"It is like the line of the Egyptian kings," she murmured, with a sigh. "An endless procession. Too stupendous for the imagination to grasp."

Edgar, stretched at the feet of his adored, had fallen fast asleep. Madoline and Gerald had wandered off to the higher grounds. They were going to the Col du Jaman, for anything Daphne knew to the contrary.

This particular sunflower now approaching a finish seemed the most irritating of all his tribe. Daphne tightened her thread, got it into a knot, boggled at the knot, lost patience, and threw the work aside in a rage.

"Who could do crewel-work on such a stifling day?" she cried, looking angrily down at the lake where the yellow Rhone came tumbling in, making a tawny stain upon the lovely azure, looking angrily even at picturesque Chillon, with its mediæval turrets and draw-bridge, angrily at the calm snow-shrouded Dent du Midi, and the dark green hills around its base.

Then, having explored the wide landscape with eyes blind for this moment to its beauty, she looked discontentedly at the reclining form at her feet, the faithful lover, slumbering serenely, oblivious of wasps and centipedes.

"A log," she muttered to herself—"a log. Blind and deaf! Good; yes, I know he is good, and I try to value him for his goodness; but oh, how weary I am! how weary! how weary!"

She flung aside her work, and wandered away along a narrow winding pathway, trodden by the feet of previous wanderers, upward and upward toward the granite point of the Dent du Jaman, gray against the sapphire sky. She walked, scarce knowing where she went, or why, urged by a fever of the mind, which hurried her any whither to escape from the weariness of her own thoughts—as if such escape were possible to humanity.

She had been walking along the same serpentine path for nearly an hour, neither knowing nor caring where it might be leading her. The gray peak of the granite rock always rose yonder in the same distant patch of blue above the dark pine-trees. It seemed as if she might go on mounting this hilly path forever, and get no nearer to that lonely point.

"It is as far off as happiness or contentment," she said to herself; "vain to dream of reaching it."

She stopped at last, and looked at her watch, feeling that the afternoon was wearing on, and that it might be time for her to hurry back to the family circle. It was past five, and the dinner hour was seven; and she had been roaming upward by paths which might lead her astray in the descent, one woodland track being so like another. She began her homeward journey, walking quickly, her thoughtful eyes bent upon the ground. She was hurrying on, absorbed in her own thoughts, when her name was uttered by that one only voice which had power to thrill her soul.

"Daphne!"

She looked up, and saw Gerald Goring, seated on a fallen pine trunk, smoking.

He flung away his cigarette, and came toward her.

"Good-afternoon," she said, with a careless nod; "I am hurrying back to dinner."

He put out his hand and caught her by the arm, and drew her toward him authoritatively.

"You are not going to escape me so easily," he said, pale to the lips with strongest feeling. "No; you and I have a long reckoning to settle. What do you think I am made of, that you dare to treat me as you have done for the last month? Am I a dog to be whistled to your side, to be lured away from love and fealty to another by every trick and grace and charm within the compass of woman's art, and then to be dismissed like a dog—sent back to my former owner? You think you can cure me of my folly—cure me by silence and averted looks; that I can forget you, and be again the man I was before I loved you. Daphne, you should know me better than that. You have kindled a fire in my blood which

you alone can quench. You have steeped me in a poison for which you have the only antidote. Oh! my Œnone, my Œnone, will you refuse the balm that can heal my wounds, the balsam that you alone can bestow?"

Daphne looked at him without flinching, the sweet girlish face deadly pale, but fixed as marble.

"I told you what I thought and meant in my letter," she said, quietly. "I have never wavered from that."

"Never wavered!" he cried, savagely. "You are made of stone. I have been trying you. I have been waiting for you to give way. I knew it must come in the end, for I know that you love me—I know it—I know it. I have known it almost ever since I came back to South Hill, and saw your cheek whiten when you recognized me; and I have been waiting to see how long this drama of self-sacrifice would last—how long you would deny your love, and falsify your whole nature. It has lasted long enough, Daphne. The chase has been severe enough. Your tender feet have been wounded by the thorny ways of self-sacrifice. Your poor Apollo's patience is well-nigh worn out. My love, my love, why should we go on dissembling to each other, and to all the rest of the world? looking at each other with stony countenances—dumb—cold; when every throb of each burning heart beats for the other, when every feeling in each breast responds to its twin soul, as finely as a note of music to the touch of the player. Let us end it all, Daphne. Let us make an end of this long dissimulation, this life of hypocrisy. Come with me, dear; fly with me. Now, Daphne—now, this instant, before there is time for either of us to repent. We can be married to-morrow morning at Geneva; it can be easily managed in that Puritan city. Come away with me, my beloved. I will honor and respect your purity as faithfully as if a hundred knights rode at your saddle-bow. My beloved, do you think that good can come to any one by a life-long lie, by the trampling out of nature's sweetest, purest feeling in two loving hearts?"

He had drawn her to his breast. Folded in a lover's arms for the first time in her life, she looked up into eyes whose passionate ardor seemed to encompass her with a divine flame: as if this man who clasped her to his breast had been indeed the old Greek god, supernal in the radiance of youth and genius and immortal beauty.

"Daphne, will you be my wife?"

"I can not answer that question yet," she said, slowly, falteringly, after a pause of some moments. "You must give me time. Let me go now—this instant. I must make haste back to the hotel."

"What, when I hold you in my arms for the first time?—when I am steeped in the rapture of a satisfied love? Oh, Daphne, if you knew how often in feverish dreams I have held you thus; I have looked down into your eyes, and drank the five-times sweet nectar of your lips. What?" as she drew herself suddenly away from him; "even now you refuse me one kiss—the solemn pledge of our union. Cruel, too cruel girl!"

"To-morrow shall decide our fate," she said. "For pity's sake, as you are a gentleman, let me go."

He released her that moment. His arms dropped at his sides, and she was free.

"There was no necessity for that appeal," he said, coldly; "you can go—alone if you choose, though I should like to walk back to the hotel with you. I left—your sister" (it seemed as if it were difficult for him to pronounce Lina's name) "in the garden before I strolled up here. I thought you were with your devoted lover. You say to-morrow shall decide our fate. I can not imagine why you should hesitate or postpone your decision. I know that you love me as utterly as I love you, and that neither of us can ever care for any one else. Promise me at least one thing before we part to-day. Promise that you will break off this pitiful mockery of an engagement to a man whom you despise."

"I do not despise him—that is too hard a word—but I promise that I will never be Edgar Turchill's wife."

"Lose no time in letting him know that. My blood boils and my heart sickens every time I see him touch your hand. Thank God, he keeps his kisses for your hours of privacy."

"He has never kissed me but once in my life," said Daphne, tossing up her head, and blushing angrily.

"Thank God again."

"Good-by," she said, looking at him with a pathetic tenderness, love struggling with despair.

He leaned against the brown trunk of a fir-tree, pale to the lips, his eyes fixed on the ground, where the mosses and starry white blossoms and tremulous harebells and delicate maiden-hair fern shone like jewels in the golden patches of light which flickered with every movement of the dark branches above them. His eyes perused every leaf and every petal, noting their form and color with a mechanical accuracy of observation. His pencil could have reproduced every detail of that little bit of broken ground six months afterward.

"Daphne," he said, huskily, "you are very cruel to me. I am not going to let you see how low a man can sink when he loves a woman as weakly, as blindly, as madly as I love you. I am not going to show you how base he can be—how sunk in his own esteem. There is some remnant of pride left in me. I am not going to crawl at your feet, or to shed womanish tears. But I tell you, all the same, you are breaking my heart."

"It is all foolishness," said Daphne, pale, but calm of speech and eye, every nerve braced in the intensity of her resolution. "It is folly and madness from beginning to end. You confessed as much just this moment. Why should I sacrifice my honor and my self-respect to gratify a weak, blind, mad love? I love my sister with a truer, better, holier affection than I could ever feel for you—if I had been your wife five-and-twenty years, and it were our silver wedding day."

She smiled even in her despair at the impossible image of herself and Gerald Goring grown middle-aged and stout and commonplace, like the principal figures in a silver wedding.

"Why can not you let the past be past—forget that you ever have been so foolish, so false, as to care for me?"

"Forget; yes, if I could do that. It would be as easy to pluck my heart out of my body, and go on living comfortably afterward. No, Daphne, I can never forget. No, Daphne, I can never go back to the old calm tranquil love. It never was love. It was friendship, affection, respect, what you will, but not love. I never knew what love meant till I knew you."

"Good-by," she said, gently, perceiving that an argument of this kind might go on forever.

It was sweet to hear him plead; there was even a fearful kind of happiness—half sweet, half bitter—in being alone with him in that silent wood, in knowing that he was her own, heart, mind, and soul devoted to her, ready to sacrifice honor and good name for her sake; for what would the world say of him if he jilted Madoline and ran away with Madoline's sister? Her breast swelled with ineffable pride at the thought of her triumph over this man to whom her girlish heart had given itself unwittingly, on just such a summer afternoon as this, two years ago. The man who had so often seemed to scorn her, to regard her only as a subject for friendly ridicule, in the beginning of things at South Hill. He was at her feet; she had made him her slave. Her heart thrilled with delight at the knowledge of his love; yet above every selfish consideration was her thought of her sister, and that made her firm as the granite peak of Jaman yonder, rising sharply above its black girdle of firs.

She looked at him for a few moments steadily, with a curious smile, a smile which lighted up the expressive face with an almost inspired look. Her hand rested lightly on the lace at her throat, the finger-tips just touching the pearl necklace, Lina's New-Year's gift, which she wore constantly. It was her talisman.

"Let us shake hands," she said, "and part friends."

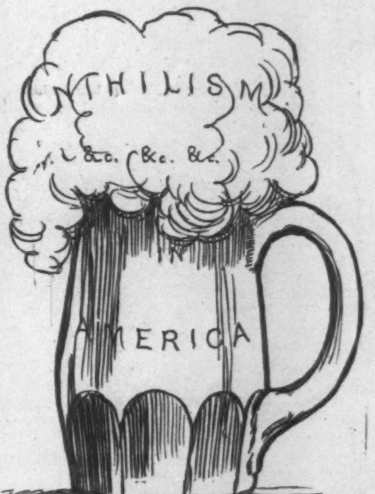
"Friends!" he echoed, scornfully; "am I ever anything else than your friend? I am your slave. The greater includes the less."

He clasped her hand in both of his, lifted it to his lips, and then let her go without a word.

The smile faded from her face as she turned from him. She went slowly down the hill by the winding path. Gerald took a hasty survey of the scene, and then struck downward by a descent that seemed almost perpendicular.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.



Not B-B-B-B-B-L-O-O-D, but B-E-E-R.

The first vessel from New Orleans with supplies for laborers engaged on the Panama Canal sailed a few days ago. She carried twelve passengers. The demand for passenger accommodations in that direction has since become so great that a schooner with berths for eighty persons, anxious to try their fortunes on the isthmus, is about to sail.

"Though no professional beauties were present," says the London *World*, of a recent private ball, "it was remarked that the prettiest women in London had been brought together."

Two swindlers have been going through the West taking orders for hull-less oats, and farmers who have dealt with them, in their desire to acquire seed for inducing nature to perform for them such a freak, have found themselves responsible for the payment of promissory notes for snug sums.

It is written that Paris exquisites have letter-paper of a different color for every day in the week—pale green for Monday, pink for Tuesday, and so on. Why wouldn't it be better to designate the nature of the epistle by the color of the paper, for example, crimson for a challenge to a hostile meeting before breakfast, and dull brown for a dun? The former would thus secure immediate attention, and the latter might be tossed aside to be read at leisure.

Mary Wise and Frank McDonnel, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, went before Alderman Barr to be married. After McDonnel had promised to take the woman to be his "wedded wife," she fell into a fit of boisterous laughter. The alderman reproved her for this "unseemly cachinnation," but she only laughed the louder. Then he discovered that she was drunk, and refused to go on with the ceremony. Vainly McDonnel appealed to the alderman, setting forth the plight he would be in, he being married to the woman, and she being unmarried. The half-married couple went away to drown their disappointment in strong drink; but before the asphyxiation was complete, both were arrested, and the husband is now serving thirty days in the county jail, and the bride-elect forty days.

An English paper says that Lord Airlie has bought a large tract of land in Colorado, where a relative of his will engage in farming.

Not knowing what it is to hear in the morning the milkman's honest bark, they have it in Boston that New York milkmen sit in their wagons and howl till a maid-servant goes out with a pitcher.

The other day Speaker Sharpe of the Assembly ordered "the gentleman in the gallery" to "take off his hat during prayer-time." The members laughed, and the Speaker discovered that he had been addressing his command to a young woman in a Derby hat.

A remarkable dog story is told in connection with the career of President Garfield. Unusual prescience is imputed to the dog, and this becomes all the more extraordinary by reason of the fact that the creature is one of the generally vulgar and despised class of yellow dogs. A year ago this dog followed General Garfield to his house on his alighting from a street car. When the General started from his home for the Convention in Chicago which nominated him for President, the dog came around and followed him to the railway station. On the day of the nomination the dog was at the Garfield home in Washington to herald with joyous yelps the arrival of the telegraph messenger who brought the dispatch announcing the result; and on Inauguration-day the faithful and ominous brute followed the carriage of the President-elect in the procession from the White House to the Capitol.

Boys who fly kites in Texas have a new wrinkle, which they have borrowed from the urchins of the sister republic of Mexico. They fasten scraps of tin or pieces of glass to the tails of their kites, and the interest centres in the endeavor on the part of each boy to so control the flight of his kite that its armed tail shall cut the kite string of another.

The London *Times* devoted only ten lines to its report of the eccentric marriage of the wealthiest woman in England to young Mr. Bartlett.

The imbibing of American enterprise by merchants from other shores is illustrated by the Italian pea-nut vender who set up on his stand in the Bowery the familiar placard, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

The thieves who infest the lower part of the Bowery at night have a word which, if it is not new to them in the sense in which they are using it, is new in that signification to most readers. It is not uncommon for a stranger who strays into the Bowery late at night considerably intoxicated to find himself in the morning "unwound." He would not be likely to thus describe himself, but to the thieves that word defines the process through which he has passed. While making his uncertain way along that thoroughfare, the stranger had been caught by the arms, and led into one of the many dens which keep open doors all night. His coat and vest were unbuttoned, grasped by their fronts and wound off from him with a single motion, while he stood just inside the threshold. The muscles of his arms, being incapable of that rigidity which a sober man might impart to them, offered no obstacle to the process of unwinding. After the rotation thus imparted to the stranger had ceased, he found himself standing on the sidewalk, with only a vague idea of the direction whence he came. The thieves were richer by the value of the coat, vest, perhaps the watch, and maybe a quantity of loose change in the vest pockets. Those who profit by unwinding do not scorn such trifles even as pocket-handkerchiefs and odd nickels.

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?*

A scientific book which is readable and full of interest, which is wholly free from the conventional jargon of any class, which deals with common things in a way to show their relations to the highest objects of thought and study—such a book is a great rarity, and just such a book is Dr. Mitchell's *Past in the Present.* It includes a series of ten lectures delivered by this distinguished scholar in Edinburgh in 1876 and 1878. These lectures are not controversial. They contain no disputation. They are not directed against any class of theories or theorists. They are statements and discussions of truth derived from personal observations. The observations are such as any one in Scotland can make. The facts obtained are indisputable. The truths derived from the facts are self-evident, and must perforce be accepted. That the results thus reached are fatal to a vast deal of modern scientific reasoning does not concern the author. He does not even seem to think of the havoc his truths make in the ranks of modern scientific theorists. Nor will the reader who is deeply interested in the facts stated, unless he be very wide awake, appreciate until he advances far in the book its unavoidable and convincing effect on his own mind.

The subject of the book, indicated in the title, is the consideration of things made by men, supposed to be made by men of ancient times, which are still made and used by men, things which are supposed to indicate a barbarous condition of the human race when they were made, but which are found to be still made and used by humanity in the highest known states of civilization. The facts are found chiefly in Scotland and the Shetland Islands. They are related as the experiences of the author in his travels about his own country. He begins with finding a boy cutting a whorl from soft stone for his mother's spindle. He visits the mother; finds her using whorls (stone rings) on her spindles, like fly-wheels, to give steady force in spinning. He finds other women using them. He finds them in use in various parts of Scotland. Now whorls are preserved in museums as relics of the stone age, and a myth exists that the stone age is a very early age. When a whorl is dug out of the earth, it is commonly assigned to an early, sometimes a prehistoric, date. It may be old, but it seems it may be modern. Following this simple discovery—simple, but of vast import—the author describes other things of the supposed early ages which he finds in modern use: stones for pounding grain into coarse flour, known in Scotland as "knockin'-stanes," rude wooden mallets for the pounding, stones chipped into shape for innumerable uses, ironing-stones, sinkers for fishing purposes, hatchets, hammers, knives—all made for use, sold for use, regular modern manufactures, preferred for their purposes to the more civilized metallic tools which are sold in the same places.

In parts of Scotland, especially at Barvas, is found a remarkable manufactory and use of pottery. The craggan is a name given to pottery jars used for holding food, and especially for milk. These craggans are identical in all respects with the most ancient known potteries of the British Islands; they are as rude as the potteries of the most savage tribes.

Dr. Mitchell visited the woman who now makes them, the successor of a long line of potters who have produced them from remote periods. She moulded them by hand, or with the aid of a crooked stick. The potter's wheel is unknown there. She also made for him pottery images of animals. One which he illustrates, intended to represent a cow, looks as if it might have been made by man when he was still half monkey. It is an amusing fact that these craggans are in some places used for milk, and being porous, can not be washed clean, but retain animal matter in the pores, which, decaying, taints milk as soon as poured in it. This spoiled flavor is liked, and it is impossible in such places to obtain sweet milk.

The antiquarian finds a chipped stone with a hole through one end, and exhibits it as a relic of the man of the stone age, his learned imagination reconstructing the savage war weapon, made by tying this stone with thongs to the end of a club. But the Scotch investigator into things as they are finds these identical forms of stones made and used as clock weights.

The deduction from facts of this kind is clear enough. These stone implements and rude potteries are found in use, associated with Sheffield cutlery and Staffordshire crockery, in the hands of people who are fair specimens of British civilization in the nineteenth century. If the hut of the Barvas female potter were buried underground, these ruder objects would outlast the cutlery of modern times and the tin and iron vessels. The Staffordshire crockery would alone remain, with the craggans and the stone tools, to puzzle the excavators of a future age with possible evidence of an early barbarous existence, followed by a later and more civilized occupation. In fact, however, the civilization and the rude pottery and stone tools are consistent with one another, because they co-exist. Hence a manifest failure in all arguments which seek to establish a stone age as the age of primeval man, and hence a barbaric or savage character as the character of the early race.

Dr. Mitchell does not attempt to follow his facts to all their results in reason. Nor does he try to sustain them by argument. His style is simple, and his way of putting truth is such that contradiction is impossible. It is apparent, as the deduction from what he shows, that the primeval man may have been godlike. He does not intimate that all races and nations have been proud to trace their ancestry upward to the Deity, until in these late times some few men have sought their origin among the brutes. He shows, however, that some of the ruder forms of art are far more likely to be degradations from preceding times of higher civilization than to be the predecessors of later improvements. Nor does he fail to note that the objects of the most refined and luxurious civilization may sometimes be better accomplished with the rude tools than with the aid of the highest class of machinery. No factory, or spinning-jenny, or wheel, can spin so fine a thread as the Hindoo woman with her hand-spindle and rude whorl.

Perhaps none of Dr. Mitchell's facts are more startling than his discoveries of bee-hive houses, as he calls them, recently built, and now inhabited. These are habitations made by heaping up stones without mortar, in dome shape, covering the whole thickly with earth and turf. They are single, double, or with several connecting rooms. Such structures when discovered have been assigned to primitive men, but they are still made and used in the Hebrides by civilized people. Instead of primitive architecture, Dr. Mitchell considers them the later works of a debased architecture.

Passing from things to customs, from works to superstitions, the author gives startling facts of surviving superstitions in Scotland. Tying a rag from a baby's clothes to a tree near a well (not a saint's well) as a cure for disease; burying a cock alive to cure epilepsy; carrying fire around houses or boats to secure safety and prosperity—these and other practices prevail, not among the degraded and ignorant, but among enlightened and intelligent people.

After showing by a long series of illustrations the survival of the past in the present, the author passes on to discuss the question, What is civilization? We have no space to follow him in his deeply interesting and clear elucidation of the answer. He leaves the subject for the reader to derive many lessons which he does not indicate, but which no thinking man or woman will fail to learn.

The volume is the most important contribution of modern observation and learning to what is called scientific literature. But it should be repeated that it is so simple and clear, so full of description of home and domestic life in Scotland, that it is one of the most delightful and readable of books.

* *The Past in the Present:* What is Civilization? By Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. 8vo., pp. 362. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.

A WARNING LIGHT.

WILL IT BE NECESSARY TO ERECT AN ADMONITION OF PESTILENCE AND DEATH IN OUR HARBOR? A QUESTION WHICH OUR CITIZENS MUST DECIDE.

[See Editorial, Page 211.]

DEATH

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1263.]

INTO THE SHADE.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "VICTOR AND VANQUISHED," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

VI.

THE leave-taking of Signor Parati was quick and nervous. He thanked Hector very earnestly for all he had done for him, held my hand a few moments while he told me he should forever remember my gentle nursing; and then, while I angrily rubbed the fingers he had grasped, he took both Leoline's hands, as if she were a very child, and laughingly begged her "not to forget"—the words were spoken very slowly and emphatically, while the lustrous eyes drooped under his gaze—"her unworthy compatriot."

And so he left us, and we stood upon the terrace looking after him, wondering that, though he had been so long with us, we knew so little of him; and two of us wondering whether we should ever see his face again—only two of us, as I knew afterward.

"How will he go, Leoline?" I asked, as the carriage which he had hired from Lyttelton rolled out into the road; "by the south road, do you think?"

"I suppose so," replied Leoline, turning wearily; "yes, for he has gone into the Shade now."

The high-road southward, running under the hill, was bordered for some distance beyond the park gates by such a dense wood on either side that we could not see the road at all, and so we got into the habit of calling the spot "the Shade."

"Into the Shade." I repeated Leoline's words, their vagueness almost as much as the utter weariness of her tone striking me oddly.

"He is in the Shade, is he, pet?" put in Hector, turning and stopping her with his arm as she tried to hurry in. "How well for us that we all stay behind in the sunshine!"

The words were no sooner uttered than Leoline, to our great surprise, gave one great trembling sob, and escaping from Hector, ran into the house.

I knew that she would wish not to be disturbed, yet I could not go into the village until I had asked at her door if she would come with me. No, she was too tired, she said through the closed door. But then, suddenly, before I turned away, she opened it, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me many times; and yet, before I knew exactly what she was doing, she had gone back, and I heard the key turned in the lock.

How still and peaceful all around me looked that evening as I walked homeward in the golden sunset light! Hector, lounging on the terrace step, and idly enjoying the quiet beauty of the autumn evening, did not hear my step until I was close upon him; then he turned to look, and his face suddenly clouded. He became alert and restless; all the careless ease had vanished in a moment.

"Where's Leoline?" he cried. "I thought she was with you, Eve?"

"No; I went alone. Has she not been at home?"

"No," he answered, hurriedly; "they told me she was out." And as I passed on into the house, he walked rapidly toward the stable-yard.

I went to Leoline's rooms, and entered in the twilight, with a strange trembling in every limb. They were just as she would have left them had she gone with me; and there being no confusion, and no unusual neatness, I felt relieved. As I went down stairs again I saw Hector at the open hall door drawing on an overcoat, while his groom brought forward two saddle-horses.

"Which way? Tell me again—tell me exactly," he was saying, with quick eagerness, to one of the servants who lingered at his command.

"I only watched her through the park, sir; past the lodges, and into the Shade; then I didn't wait to see her ride out beyond."

Scarcely understanding why, I felt that those words first brought back the old pain which Leoline's manner had given me the night before.

"Eve, don't be anxious," Hector said, not forgetting me even in his own fear; "it is a lovely night, and we shall soon be home. But—I may just as well ask it now as at another time—did—did Parati tell you what his address would be?"

"No, Hector," I said, unwillingly. "When you asked him—don't you remember?—he said he would send it to us, as he was uncertain where he should stay first. That was all he said to any of us, unless—"

"Thank you," said Hector, interrupting me in haste, while his face flushed darkly. "Yes, I remember. Take care of yourself while you are here alone, dear Eve."

And with these few gentle words to me, he was gone. I wondered at first why he should take a mounted servant with him; but I soon understood, for, when they had passed the park gates, they separated, galloping in opposite directions, only Hector following Leoline into the Shade. I turned away, as wearily as Leoline had done after watching the Italian take that road in the morning. That morning! Why, it seemed a year ago. The darkness was gathering rapidly. I thought, as I sat at the uncovered window, waiting and watching, that I had never seen night fall so suddenly before. I counted the ticking of the little time-piece near me, simply because I could not help doing so; and I remember that, as I sat there in the fear-haunted solitude, my thoughts were chiefly of our old school-days—of Leoline as she was then, and of our old talks in the little bedroom which looked out upon the sea. I think I did not venture once to let my thoughts rest on this one bright summer. Later on, Mrs. Hill came in to rouse me, and to beg me to eat or to rest, but I only heard her kind words as in a dream. She sat down with me when she found I would not leave the window, and we talked a little of indifferent things, but in such low, hushed tones that each word sounded like a stifled sob.

The old butler—who, tired of waiting to be summoned, brought in the lamps at last, and tea for only one—looked tired and ill; and by the light he carried I saw the housekeeper's strained, eager look out into the darkness, and her white, parted lips. How all this household loved the child who had found a home among them!

"Miss Merrion," said the man, as he lingered at the table, "the father of one of our stable-boys met Miss Leoline at sundown, riding hard beyond the second turnpike out of Lyttelton, on the south road. Hearing that we were anxious, he came to tell; so I've ordered two of the men to mount at once, one to follow after Mr. Hector to tell him this, the other to ride straight along the south road to the junction and make inquiries there. Have I done right, do you think, Miss Merrion?"

Strange that, though I listened intently to the old man's words, only one thought was in my throbbing, aching head. Could he ever have lost any one very dear to him in any way except by death?

As the day dawned, I remember that Mrs. Hill led me out on to the terrace to breathe the fresh air, and then tempted me into the bright room where breakfast was prepared. Could it have been only yesterday that we four had lingered so long over the pleasant meal? Now the sight of it turned me faint, and I went out alone to wander about the gardens. I could not bear to go far from the house, because when Leoline came home I must be there. Oh, that long, weary morning!

A horse's tread broke the quivering silence at last, but it was only the man with the letter-bag. Slowly the words of thanksgiving died on my lips when I saw that this was all. Yet I opened it with shaking fingers and hurried breath, and found, what I had felt that I might find, a letter addressed to me in Leoline's hand. There were only a few lines, tremblingly written, yet they contained the hopelessness of a long life. This was what they said:

"EVE,—I have left you all forever, and by my own will! I have voluntarily given up those who have loved and cherished me through all my life; I have gone forever from the home which sheltered me in my lonely childhood. No seeking will be successful; and if it were, no pitying and forbearing appeal would bring me back. But, on the strength of my deep faith in you all, I can even now ask you to think of me as mercifully as if I had died to-night. God bless you—all! I dare not name them except in my prayers."

Here the tremulous writing stopped abruptly, blotted and blurred with many a burning tear. No need to tell how many more would fall upon these words.

Another horse's step, and Hector stood beside me there among the trees, looking with wide, unsteady eyes upon the paper which I grasped so tightly.

"Is she lost to us? Is Leoline—lost?" As he uttered the broken words I put the letter into his stiff, icy hand, and he read it slowly through, his head bent low, his eyes growing so fierce and passionate that I was frightened, and clung to him, crying piteously.

"There is no greater villain under heaven," he muttered, in tones of intense and dangerous contempt, "and I will tell him so before I die." Then a sudden death-like pallor overspread his face, and in spite of all the strength that Leoline used to boast of, and in spite of my frightened clasp, he fell senseless to the ground.

VII.

I telegraphed at once to Mrs. Warren, and next morning both she and her husband—I might have known that the father would not stay from his son's sick-bed—arrived. I had indeed a miserable story to tell them; but I think, perhaps, in the quiet room where Hector lay wrestling with his pain, their sorrow was a little hushed and softened. I think it was so, though for years it left its mark upon their faces.

The autumn months went by; and now, in looking back, I can only remember long days and nights of weary waiting, of heart-sickening hope deferred, or of heavy, hopeless agony. So time went on, and Hector—the anguish of his bodily suffering over now—lay still, always still, watching with restless eyes, but never speaking. Winter had set in when he was well enough at last to leave his room. Then, bitter as the weather was, worn-out and feeble as he was himself, he told us he was going to seek Leoline. In real terror for him, the father and mother tried to dissuade him, telling him how everything was being done that could be done to find her; how every order he could give should be obeyed, and no trouble, no expense, no labor spared; but he would not be content.

"Mother, I must go," he said, his brave young face white and lined as the face of an old man, and his voice ringing with low, stern agony; "no one can take my love and pardon to her but myself." And so one day he went, his last words to us as kind and thoughtful as they always had been, and his last look upon us as bright as he could make it. Then we were left to bear our grief together; and I can tell but little of that sad time, while we lived on at the old home without those two who were its very life and sunshine. Of course we lived very quietly now. The genial English gentleman, whose house had been such a favorite one to visit, was a quiet, saddened man now. The gentle, cheerful lady who made her home so bright and pleasant to young and old, had an absent wistfulness about her now which it was only misery to look upon. And I, though I tried so hard to cheer them, and repay in some slight degree the generous kindness they had lavished on me, felt sadly and drearily how impossible it was for me to do it. Long afterward I heard that I had been a help and comfort to them, and the tidings brought tears of thankfulness to my eyes.

Perhaps the friend most welcome now at Hurstone was Mr. Ransford, the family solicitor. He came to us very often during this time of Hector's absence, for to him had been intrusted the search for Leoline. In no one else's hands do I think it could have been so quietly and so kindly prosecuted. It caused him to be absent from Lyttelton now and then; but at other times, as I said, he was often at Hurstone; and his coming brightened us all, especially Mr. Warren, who was grieving with a deep and manly grief for his "boy." Sometimes, looking upon his troubled face with its strange, waiting, listening expression, and on his wife's restless figure, I have wondered and doubted—as I knew, even then, that it was wrong to do—why Leoline had been received into this house, from pure and generous charity, to bring upon it such heavy grief.

Every day one of us wrote to Hector, and he wrote back to us as often as he could. We could see what an effort these letters cost him; still, we could always read how his sore heart yearned for home, but it was for home with Leoline. He never mentioned her—never once; but still the fact was plain to us all. He had been for months travelling over England, and had renewed his unwearied search in London, when he sent us word that he was leaving England for the Continent. Up to that time he either did not or would not believe that Leoline could have gone to Italy; perhaps simply because Mr. Ransford felt so sure she had done so, and had been there himself in his search; perhaps because he so dreaded believing that she and Signor Parati could be together there in the beautiful land of which they had so often talked, and where both had been born. But now he had decided to go; and I remember that when we received that letter my birthday had come round once more. How earnestly I hoped that Mrs. Warren would not recollect it! Mr. Ransford came to Hurstone that day, and having heard of Hector's decision, began to tell us how glad he was, and to recommend us too to start at once somewhere—to the sea-side, he proposed.

"No," Mrs. Warren said, hastily, "we can not leave home. I think that Hector and Leoline will soon come back, and I would rather wait here for them."

It was just as calm and beautiful an autumn evening as it had been a year ago. Was Leoline thinking of it now in the golden sunset light which had fallen round her as she rode from home alone to meet him, and surely to meet the long repentance and regret which must follow?

"I can not bear to see you so changed, Eve," Mrs. Warren said, gently, as I sat working at the window. "Your face has the look of one who has passed through much tribulation. Your life has not been a very bright one, dear."

The tears came thick and fast into my eyes, and I turned my head away to hide them.

"We may not have another year to wait in sorrow, Eve," she said; "this day may not find us so again."

I could not answer her low words. I bent my head over my work, for, as the twilight deepened, I seemed to be waiting, as I had waited a year ago, for Hector to bring me tidings of Leoline.

Six months passed. Mr. Warren's head grew bowed, and the mother's bright hair was thickly lined with silver. Still Hector did not come. Mr. Ransford, too, had been abroad for some time, when, one May evening, while Mr. and Mrs. Warren were driving, and I sat at home alone, he came in to me unannounced.

"I met Mr. and Mrs. Warren," he said, as he took my hand, "and so I walked on to see you, knowing you would be alone. I returned yesterday, Miss Eve, and—I have news of Leoline." He had known her from a child of three years old, and never spoke of her but by her Christian name. Eagerly my eyes were fixed on his face, waiting for him to tell me more.

"You have heard of Mademoiselle Vessi? You read of her in the papers I sent you from St. Petersburg. I had heard so much of the beautiful young Italian prima donna, and such a curious idea had taken possession of me, that I determined to see for myself; so I went while she was performing there, and I heard and saw her. I saw her fêted and idolized by the public, admired and patronized by royalty, winning a triumph which has seldom been equalled, certainly never surpassed, by any young actress before. On the night I saw her at St. Petersburg—it was her farewell performance there—the Emperor sent her from his box a gift worth five thousand pounds; and the audience, after she had left the stage, called her back at least twenty times. Whether it is her voice, or her beauty, or the old wonderful fascination which we know so well, I can not say, but for one or all of these the people seemed to worship her; and when I saw her last they were themselves drawing her carriage through the streets that echoed her name."

"And this was—Leoline?" I asked, in slow, sad tones.

"Yes, this was Leoline, more brilliant and more beautiful than ever. The voice that used to enchant us here, and the face we all loved to look upon, have been intoxicating half an empire. That was Leoline: you may guess how unlike the Leoline of old."

"Why?" I asked, bewildered.

"Why?" he echoed, a touch of sarcasm in his tone. "Need I tell you? You don't ask who sat beside her as they took her through the shouting, cheering crowd. Do you not want to know, Miss Eve?"

"No," I answered, very low.

"Of course you know; of course it was Signor Parati," Mr. Ransford said, thinking it best, as indeed it was, to utter the truth at once. "He led her from the scene of her triumph—himself triumphant—and took his place at once beside her, bowing his acknowledgment of the deafening plaudits of the multitude, while she—"

"While she—" I repeated, breathlessly, as he paused.

"She—I think she was a little tired; she naturally would be after such a night."

"Oh, Mr. Ransford," I asked, in sudden fear, "will Hector see her so?"

"No; I have prevented that," he said, his kind eyes very troubled. "She is to be in Paris to-day, and I have telegraphed to keep him in Italy. Now I have come, Miss Eve, to ask you what we shall do next. Shall I tell this to Mr. Warren, or shall I keep it secret? Shall I go to Hector and tell him, or shall I bring him home to be told by you—or what shall I do?"

It was so unusual for Mr. Ransford to ask my advice, that I know I offered it to him very timidly.

"I should like you to go to Hector very much, and bring him home, if possible. I must go to Leoline, if I am allowed."

"Then if you do, Miss Eve, I can see you safe in Paris first, and go on to Hector afterward."

I was very glad of this decision, for I knew that Hector could not have a truer or a kinder friend with him.

I told Mr. and Mrs. Warren all that had been told to me, and then of what I wished to do. Mrs. Warren listened in silent pain, but over her husband's face a strange despair seemed to creep.

"I will take you, Eve," he said, "and after that I will go on to my boy. He will come back with me then. He must come back to us, dear," he added, touching with caressing sadness the mother's thin white cheek. "He is our only child—our only one!"

VIII.

Thousands of eager Parisians lined the street, waiting for the appearance of Valentina when the opera of *Les Huguenots* should be over. The applause of the thousands within the walls reached the crowd without, and raised the excitement to the highest pitch. In the very midst of this mad, pushing crowd Mr. Warren and I stood, quietly waiting for the prima donna to come out; yet my heart, at least, was beating loudly, and the arm with which Mr. Warren protected me in the crush shook like an autumn leaf. It was strange to see this calm-looking English gentleman in the very midst of the rabble, and many busy, chattering French men, and women too, turned curious eyes upon us even in the great excitement.

A wild, deafening cheer arose suddenly, as my eyes were fixed upon the door, and through it there came at that moment Leoline—just our own Leoline, only more gravely, more wonderfully beautiful. She was leaning lightly on the arm of an Italian, whom I knew in an instant.

Leoline, looking straight out upon the crowd as she passed, and bowing slightly in acknowledgment of their shouts, took her seat alone in the carriage which was waiting; and Signor Parati, after leaning on the door for a few minutes to speak to her, stood back and called his directions to the servant in a clear, authoritative voice:

"Return for me after leaving mademoiselle at home. I have business here which will detain me for some few minutes only."

"Mademoiselle indeed!" laughed a sarcastic foreign voice, as a gentleman, just issuing from the doorway, stood with Parati to watch the restive horses start through the crowd. "You can't call a married lady 'mademoiselle.'"

"A married lady," returned the Italian, in the suppressed tone which I remembered so well, "would lose a little of this adulation. Look!" and he pointed to the people as they ran after the moving carriage.

His words had made my head throb wildly, but I gladly noticed that Mr. Warren had not heard them. He was speaking to our coachman, and in another minute we followed Leoline's carriage, and stopped at the door of the handsome hotel from which it had just been driven back to the theatre.

"Mademoiselle Vessi? Yes, she was at home—but just arrived. Would madame be announced? Would monsieur go up stairs also?"

"No; monsieur would stay below, and madame would not need to be announced."

"Then would she kindly follow?"

I followed the courteous French servant, and stopped when he stopped before a door upon the first landing. Our footfall made no sound on the thick velvet carpet; and so, when he went away and left me there, I rapped to give notice of my approach; then I entered, at once and uninvited, a lofty and magnificently furnished room.

Against a table at the farther end of the room stood Leoline, leaning upon it with both her hands, and trembling, as I could see. Her wide eyes, which had been eagerly fixed upon the door, grew wider as I went toward her, and she drew back with a quick and sudden cry.

"Eve!"

I took her in my arms as I had done many and many a time before; but she covered her face, and would not meet my glad, fond gaze.

"I guessed it—I feared it!" she sobbed. "Something in your touch upon the door seemed to strike my heart, and to bring back that long ago which ought to be dead to me. Oh, Eve, go away from me! Go! My— Signor Parati will be home soon. Oh, leave me, Eve! In pity go away from here. Tell me of them all," she went on, with a sudden change in her voice. "Oh, tell me of them, and stop with me, my dear. No, no—I mean, go away now and leave me."

"Leoline, we want you at home," I said, gently kissing her. "I have come to fetch you."

"Oh no," she cried, her whole frame shivering in my arms. "They would not look upon us—if they knew."

"Leoline, we saw you to-night with—with him," I said; "and yet, after seeing you so, we are waiting now to take you home."

"We?" cried Leoline, with a terrified fear in her great questioning eyes.

"Yes," I said, holding her more closely; "down

stairs your father is waiting for you and me; and to-morrow we may be at home, where Mrs. Warren is sorrowing for you as your own mother would have sorrowed."

"Hush, hush, Eve!" Leoline cried, shrinking away from me, while a spasm of pain passed over her face; "your words are killing me. Don't speak of my own mother; and—and hide me from him who has been more—oh, so far, far more—than my own father to me! Oh, if you love me, Eve—if you would not bring sorrow on the home which has received us both, and on the dear hearts that have cherished us—keep me away, keep me from seeing them again. Eve"—the whisper thrilled through me in its low, intense pain—"I think that to see Hector's face would kill me."

"No, my darling," I returned, steadily; "to see those faces you have loved so well would not bring death, but peace. This life is killing you; I can see it in your face, brilliant as your eyes are to-night. I can see it in those wasted fingers, and hear it in your quick breath. Leoline, our darling—loved by us all so truly and so unchangeably—come home with me and your father."

Again the sudden shudder ran through her frame.

"Eve, if you could know what it would be to me to meet him! Ah, listen! there's—there's Signor Parati's step upon the stairs. Oh, go away, my dear! My dear, go quick, before he comes. Quick—quick!"

She stood before me with her nervous fingers locked together and raised entreatingly, her face full of such vehement longing that her whole attitude was a silent prayer.

"Eve!" she cried again, her voice hushed and subdued now, but all the more earnest and pathetic, "go, for their sakes, for you love them too; go for my sake, for you are kind to me even now; go for all our sakes. Oh, my dear, go before it is too late!"

But I would not. The pain of refusing her appeal was nothing compared to the pain from which I prayed that I might spare her. And so I stood and waited, even when I heard the door behind me open, and felt that Signor Parati was in the room.

[to be continued.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RAVEN.

Much has been said well, and written even better, about the vast progress of the age in all things, except honesty, courage, and kindliness. These are of small account; when a man runs, his loose ends must blow away behind him.

Everybody said in Christowell, where the people have always been considered very wise, that the government of the United Kingdom was conspiring to rob honest people. When a man got a letter, his first business was to pay for it, and then to stick it on his mantel for a picture, until such time as a great book scholar should be in need of twopence for a glass of beer. But whoso got a letter for a penny or a thank'e, was it fair to expect him to pay twopence every time he got it read to him? The opinion of Christowell, headed by the landlord (into whose till every twopence must have travelled), was distinctly and deliberately this—that the post had no right to deliver letters for a penny, without providing somebody to come and read them *gratis*.

This matter had scarcely been under discussion so much as four months when a new upset arose. The cobbler, in every village good enough to have one, was regarded by the government, in all the new arrangements, as the first claimant to the postmastership, in right of his professional complicity with wax. Hence it will be manifest that Mr. James Trickey, though curt perhaps of graceful courtesy, was strictly correct, from an official point of view, in his highly suggestive demonstration to Carrier Pugsley when rooted in the rut. No man should ever be condemned at first sight, whatever part of his organization is foremost to woo stern criticism.

The mind of that postmaster was in a state of unusual tension, and wholly indifferent, as the mind in office must be, to any good works beyond its own vocation. His appointment was new, and he had to justify it; for the village, having done without a Post-office for centuries, not only saw no need of it, but had a right to be indignant; though the elder folk, having larger toleration, said, "Let 'un coom; her taime wun't be long. 'Tis a get up to' sell gate postesses, and nobody buyeth they in these here parts."

Master Trickey knew better, and was proud to do so; and holding himself above inquiries, would neither take nor make them. In refusing to answer, he was right, as a man always is when he knows nothing; but in sternly resolving not to ask, he showed, perhaps, less wisdom. For although he could read with some fluency in the Bible, and do the fourteen generations, he could not make out the tremendous words in which the vast era of progress began. He was told, in his orders, to "communicate, in anticipation of emergency, with the central administration." Thorough education, ripe knowledge of the prayer-book, and rich research among the dictionary, made it more than manifest that he must take the sacrament before baptism of persons of riper years, under clerical ministration.

Now if he had taken this question to his minister (as exhorted to do in a book whose clear English shall never be surpassed by the very biggest writer), his difficulties might have been duly solved, and he must have got an order for a pair of fishing-boots; which, by reason of his "reticence," was quite lost to the parish, and even went as far away as Newton Abbot. For Mr. Short made a point of knowing what his own folk were up to, and a point of honor when his letters were concerned; and he never made surer of anything in his life than that such a wiseacre as Jem Trickey would be at his door thrice every day with something to be explained three times. There scarcely could be a more liberal man than the parson, a strict Conservative—a race of men who practice true, and let the others prate of truculent magnanimity. And now the parson proved all this, for he paid 5*s. extra* rather than wear a pair of boots to the profit of such a Radical.

Master Trickey felt these things, and lamented in the bosom of his family. In public, however, he declared that such considerations were beneath him, that an Officer of the Crown must be above small byses, either of leather or of learning, and Parson's behavior should have no effect upon him, no more than to keep one pew buttoned on a Sunday, and the letters for the Vicarage to the tail of the delivery. But even before his grievance ripened, or the vicar knew that it was growing, this haughty layman bit the dust, at the feet of Mother Church and Father Short.

For a very remarkable thing happened now, one of those facts which defy defiant reason, and set at naught all purest process of induction, deduction, or *reductio ad absurdum*. Christowell remembered many things that could not be explained; but these had left off happening lately, so that the upstarts grew too bold, and the veterans (rasped of the crust of reason by the roughness of hard life) told one another that the Lord was now Clock-time, to read they young cockahoops a warning. And a warning now was read to them, which made them shake in their moon-lit beds, and turned all argument into agreement, and stupid young fancy into stubborn faith again. For the Author of Evil, who never can be satisfied even with his own exertions, and is famed for "looking over Dartymore" as keenly as over his own pet Lincoln, in this crisis of "postal development," came officially, as the great father of lies, to look after letters, and robbed the mail.

Jem Trickey had a son whose name was Bob, a truthful boy (comparatively speaking), and one who could be trusted largely, if he were not tempted. Neither was that the only thing remarkable about him; for he was also a boy that kept his pockets buttoned, and his heels together. He had tight little calves, like smart balls of blue worsted, and forks of Nankin—called in high society "breeches"—which ran up to his middle when his legs began to run. And his legs ran often; for he was a very earnest boy, eager to be the very foremost of his age, an example to the other boys—the which they pelted stones at—to the girls a riddle, and in larger view intended for a postman of letters at a penny.

This boy was fortunate in the possession of a parent who not only had keen perception of his genius, but also the power to make it pay. Under the new act of Parliament, Bob, being early of age at fourteen, was appointed to the salary of head-postman, and his father cut him out a pair of cow-skin gaiters. No other postal district could compare with this for innocence, and charity, and the absence of ill-will, because the population was so scanty. Yet even here there were people found to say that sometimes it was possible to have too much leather.

Now the weather was fine, and the time of year beginning to be cheerful and abundant with variety of flowers. Every man, leaning on his shovel in a meadow (which is one of the things that he is most inclined to do), was pleased and yet saddened to behold the same things coming up that used to come up a great many years ago, when he was a child, and spent hours with them. Ah, the times were better then! He got his victuals without laboring, he ran about, and played, and slept, whenever he was minded; the taste of everything was better, and the size much larger, and every year put on his life was strength instead of stiffness. But, for all that, if the Lord came now, and said, "Will you go back again?" he would think no more of doing so than the flowers to shrink back into bud, and be buried in the root again.

Sam Slowbury did not particularly go through that or any other process of mind as he was leaning on his shovel; for his nature was not to think a thought that he could help, any more than to dream a dream—which he did yearly—or do a rapid stroke of work, the which he did never. But conscience is the guide of duty, as many learned moralists have shown, and can show again; and the proof of the pudding is in the aftertaste. Sam Slowbury's conscience only told him that he ought to have more wages. Captain Larks, who could not afford to give romantic wages, was paying Sam now one and tenpence a day, and Sam did the value of tenpence. He was turning up a mixen in a meadow near the lane, or rather he was helping it to turn itself, while Mopsy, the cow, with creative pride looked on, and increased in her own self-estimate. Then Slowbury stood more still than ever, if possible, while he stroked the cow; and she, like a very faithful creature, made no other movement than a kinkle in her tail. Everything was pleasant, everything was gracious; there seemed to be a richness of green upon the grass, and a delicate blue in the air, and a desire of the weather to be kind and happy. Sam felt it, and it added to his leisure, and benevolence, and the way in which he looked about.

"I dun'now as ever I zeed a vainer marnin' coom out o' the top of the sky," he said, with a truth of observation not often to be found in our most accomplished weather-clerks; for if the fine morning comes from the horizon, the issue of the day is doubtful. "But who be thiccy coming up by grave-yard? Jem Cobbler's buy, zure as I be a zinner!" The identity of the boy was the most important question that had occurred since breakfast-time. Sam even went a yard or two up the bank to get a more masterly view of him, and established his shovel in the happiest attitude for support and comfort. But so persistent is human care, and so great the activity of the human mind, that no sooner was it settled beyond dispute that the figure approaching was the cobbler's son than another question, even more absorbing, rose defiantly—What ever could be compelling this scion of leather to wear out his paternal boots like that?

For Slowbury could not see, although he used his eyes with diligence, the thing the boy had in his hand, and largely in his head as well. It was one of the new "Mulready envelopes," just come down from London; and the head of the boy was unsound about it, because he had never seen the likes before, and now he had got five-and-twenty of them, mainly for people who could not read. "Deliver fust to they as can intarpret," his father, who was nearly mazed, gave orders, very sensibly; "t'others may baide up to next church-time. Goo with Cappen's fust: them as payeth for their boots desarveth fust shoe-leather."

[to be continued.]

THE NEW LESSON.

You are learning a lesson, maiden fair,
Though a school-girl never more—
Learning a lesson with all your heart
Which you never have learned before.
The sunbeams herald the gladsome day,
And over the waters ripple and play,
While you are conning with heart so gay
Your sweet new lesson o'er.

Many a letter your hand has held
From school-girl lover and friend,
And many a promise, merry and true,
Your own little hand has penned.
But there are letters and *letters*, and you
Are learning the difference 'tween old and new,
And studying over with heart so true
The story which knows no end.

You are "somebody's queen, fair, gracious, sweet,"
You know, for the letter you hold,
In every line, and over and o'er,
The same sweet truth has told.
'Tis easy to study a lesson like this,
Since learning it brings such measure of bliss,
And the learning is helped with a lover's kiss:
No wonder it can not grow old.

As the morning heralds the full bright day,
You stand with your hopes and fears
On the very threshold of womanhood,
Crowned with your eighteen years,
Which have gathered you laurels one by one,
Till the days of your childish plans are done,
And the work of your womanhood scarce begun,
Either for smiles or tears.

So keep your secret—'tis all your own—
But the smiles that dimple your cheek,
And the happy light in your eyes, betray
What your lips refuse to speak.
And the sun shall gleam and glimmer and play
Over the waters far away,
Till, at the close of the happy day,
A lover his love will seek.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The fifty-sixth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design is more diversified than usual. Although the terms Academician and Philistine have long been considered synonymous by the children of light, the hanging committee this year have cordially recognized the representatives of all the schools. It was their business, of course, not to slight the claims of the members of the Academy, and this business they have faithfully accomplished. Almost every Academician has at least one picture on the line, in accordance with venerable precedent, but not to the disparagement of artists who are not Academicians. The rival painters of the Society of American Artists have been received with an estimable amount of courtesy, especially since they withheld most of their principal pictures for their own exhibition, and sent to the Academy the scrapings, so to speak, of their studios. There has been, to be sure, no impetuosity to treat them with distinction, but then scarcely any of them have been skyed, and the young Americans now studying in Europe have been welcomed with open arms, and in many instances escorted to comfortable and eligible places of retreat, by Messrs. William Hart, Tait, Henry, Wood, and Brevoort. One feature of the display is the presence of smaller pictures on the line, where they can be seen, and the relegation of immense ones to higher regions, where they manage to take care of themselves. Most of these large works came from European studios.

The older American painters who for more than a generation have represented the Academy show no signs of paling or banking their fires. Mr. Shattuck's landscapes with cattle, Mr. Casilear's meadows, Mr. Hubbard's green vales, Mr. McEntee's Novembers, Mr. Whittredge's Indian summers, Mr. William Hart's cows, Mr. Tait's deer, Mr. Guy's girls, and Mr. J. G. Brown's boys are all out again for an airing. It is many years since Harper's Weekly made their acquaintance, and many have been the changes in their environment. Some of them started in their career at about the time when that admirable old portrait painter the late Colonel Trumbull was saying to a young aspirant, "You had better learn to make shoes or dig potatoes than to become a painter in this country"; but they can scarcely be sorry that they pursued their profession, albeit their country has not always disdained to proffer them a true republican ingratitude. Whatever may be the future of art in the United States, there are in our metropolis living old masters who may justly expect of their pictures what Wordsworth expected of his poems—that "they will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser and better and happier."

To some visitors the most striking feature of the present exhibition is the number and excellence of the contributions sent by our countrymen in France, or recently there. Many of these works would undoubtedly have gone to the rival exhibition, soon to be opened in the American Art Gallery, had their authors been accorded a share in the management of the predecessors of that display. What the Society of American Artists has lost, the Academy has, in this instance, gained, although, of course, it is possible that the same accomplished painters will send to the rival exhibition more important examples of their skill. The pictures now in the Academy by T. Hovenden, W. H. Coffin, Anna Lea Merritt, Cornelia W. Conant, Edgar M. Ward, T. W. Shields, J. A. Mitchell, E. H. Blashfield, Elizabeth Gardner, A. G. Heaton, W. H. Lippincott, F. A. Bridgman, F. D. Millet, and Milne Ramsay are notable pieces of conception and technique. Midway between the younger and the older Americans stands A. H. Wyant, whose landscape, "An Old Clearing," occupies the post of honor in the exhibition; that is to say, it fills the centre of the south wall of the principal gallery, directly opposite the entrance to that gallery. It has the life and glow of Venetian color, with a soberness all its own. The warmth of its sunshine permeates it, and the mystery of its distance envelops it. Conspicuous among the young Americans whose training has been exclusively American are Gilbert Gaul and F. S. Church; and conspicuous among the supporters of the Society of American Artists are Walter Shirlaw, W. G. Bunce, A. P. Ryder, Thomas Eakins, W. Sartain, R. Swain Gifford, and J. Alden Weir. The comprehensiveness of this fifty-sixth annual exhibition is, accordingly, obvious. The National Academy is not provincial. Within its walls to-day are gathered representatives of every æsthetic school and clique to which Americans belong, from Mr. Freer on the one hand to Mr. W. T. Richards on the other. And in this consists the true strength of the event, and the prime opportunity of the institution.

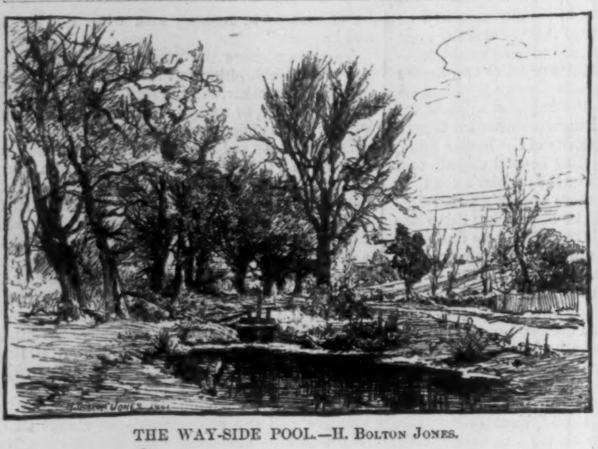
Academic learning, it is sometimes said—and by none more loudly than the brilliant school of freebooters who nevertheless profess themselves irrevocably antagonistic to "that detestable whole which is called a school"—can not produce an original artist. True enough; no learning can. The tendency of such learning, it is claimed, is to assimilate one artist with another. But this is the tendency in every college and academy. May it not be remembered, to the honor of our National Academy, that its founders and their most prominent successors never felt the weight of the true academic incubus; that for magniloquent epics, for artificial poetry, for stark classicism, they had no ambition; that, unlike their brothers in Holland, they refused to sell themselves to David, or to any other master; and that the landscapes which first made them respected at home and abroad were inspired by an unaffected love of nature? The best characteristics of the earlier American Academician are to be seen in the Academy to-day, and not least among them is the generous catholicity which makes this fifty-sixth annual exhibition the most representative display ever organized of American art.

For the reproductions of pictures in the exhibition we are indebted to Mr. Charles M. Kurtz's forth-coming volume of *American Academy Notes*.

A FLY'S MOUTH.

No part of fly structure is more wonderful than the mouth. Watch a common fly alight on a piece of sugar. From the under surface of the head, apparently, is unfolded a long organ looking very like an additional leg; and with this the fly scrapes the sugar, licks up the cream, spoliates the jam, and effects destruction in other and varied ways. To understand what the organ in question is, let us briefly glance at the typical structure of the insect mouth. Four sets of organs or appendages compose the "mouth." There is first an upper lip, then a pair of large jaws, then a pair of lesser jaws—forming a tube or tongue in butterflies—and last of all a lower lip. In a beetle the chief mouth organs are the greater and lesser jaws, whilst in a bee or wasp the jaws are also well developed for the work of the hive, but the under lip forms a "tongue" wherewith the bee sucks up honey from the flowers. Now in the fly the mouth parts are of modified nature. Speaking generally, the "jaws" are represented by small bristle-like organs, and the upper lip is developed; but it is the labium, or under lip, which comes to the front in the development of the fly's mouth. Here it forms, as in the bees, the chief organ of nutrition. It is the under lip which we see unfolded from beneath the head when the fly attacks the sugar. And when we place this organ beneath the microscope, we can readily discover the secret of its service.

The "tongue," as we may term the under lip, consists of a stalk highly movable and muscular, at the end of which a couple of broad leaves expand outward from the middle to form a sucker-like organ, beautifully adapted for licking up fluids, and for scratching solid matters also. This fan-like end is supported on a firm tubular framework, acting as a set of springs to open and shut the fans, whilst the microscope shows us that this structure is really like a file or rasp in its nature. We can understand, then, readily enough how such a muscular organ can be used for the purposes of fly nourishment. When, after a summer of flies, the morocco covers of our books and the finely polished surfaces of our furniture are scratched and eroded, we can readily appreciate the cause of the damage. With this file it wages war even on ourselves. For, as a famous authority on insects remarks, it is by its means that the fly "teases us in the heat of summer, when it alights on the hand or face to sip the perspiration as it exudes from and is condensed upon the skin."

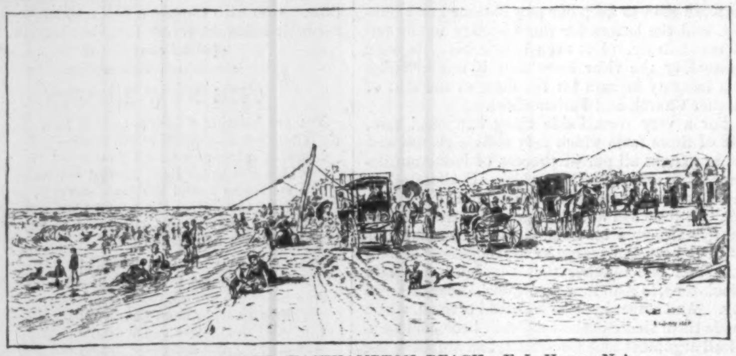


THE WAY-SIDE POOL.—H. Bolton Jones.

AÏCHA.—William Sartain.

THE SHORES OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—Arthur Parton, A.N.A.

A NOOK IN THE WOODS.—W. Whittredge, N.A.



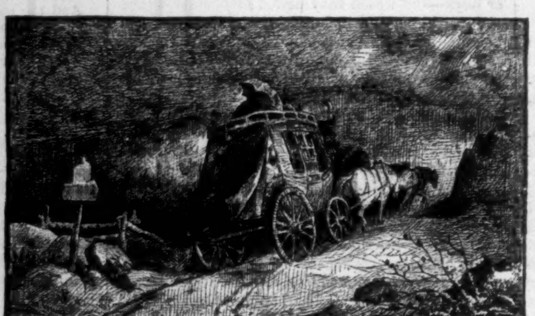
THE BATHING HOUR, EASTHAMPTON BEACH.—E. L. Henry, N.A.

THE CONVENT COMPOSER.
Walter Satterlee, A.N.A.

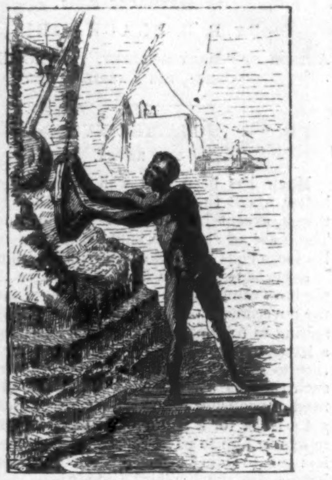
BRIC-À-BRAC.—George Henry Hall, N.A.

STUDY OF BEECHES.
John L. Fitch, N.A.

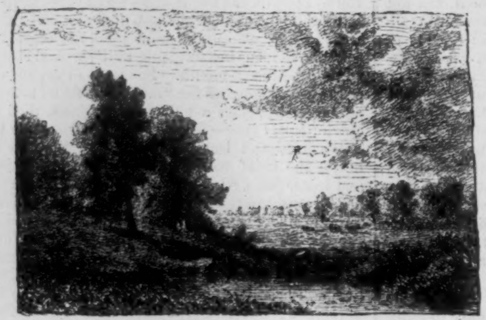
AWAITING THE LANDING.—Harry Chase.



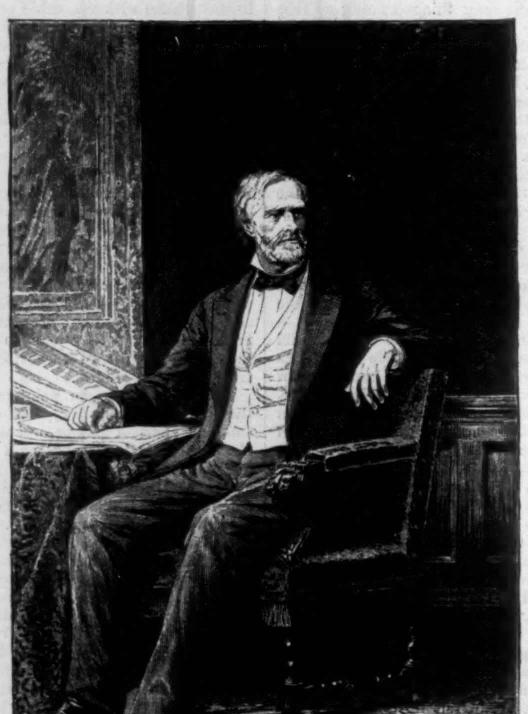
THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.—L. M. Wiles.



THE SLAVE OF THE SHADOOF.—Frank Waller.

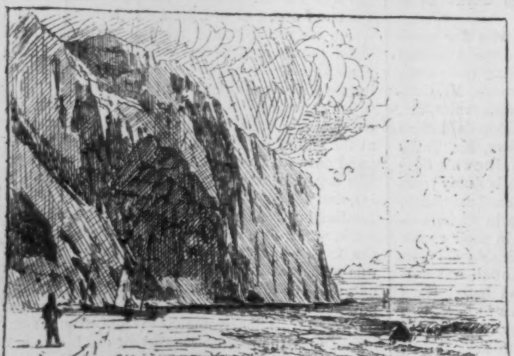


GLIMPSE OF THE VALLEY OF THE SACO.—R. W. Hubbard, N.A.



SENATOR SHERMAN.—Daniel Huntington, P.N.A.

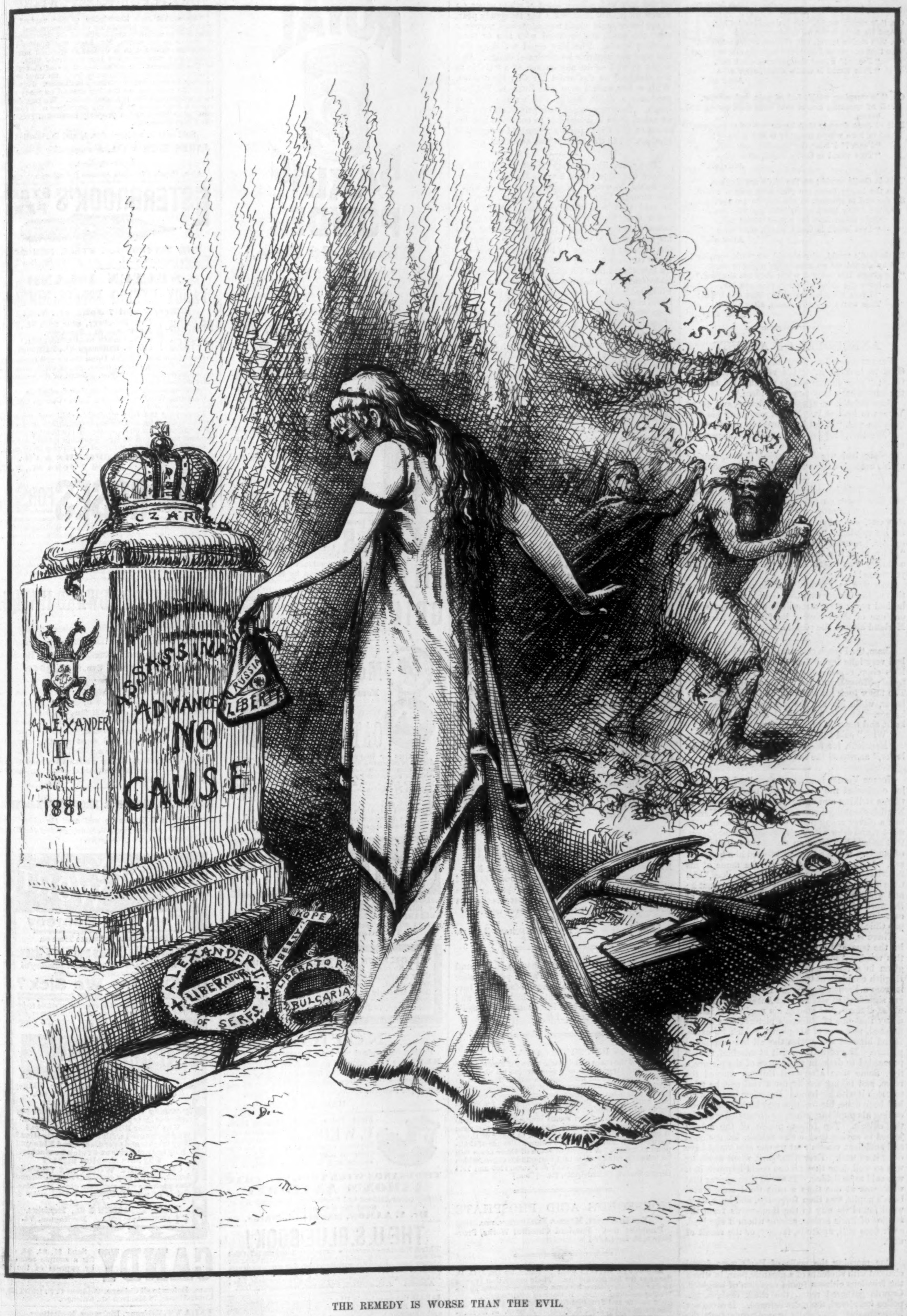
A DAY OF WIND AND RAIN ON A HEATH.—J. R. Brevoort, N.A.



PERCÉ ROCK, CANADA.—Joseph Lyman, Jun.

MID-DAY REFRESHMENT.—George A. McKinstry.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Selections from Charles M. Kurtz's "American Academy Notes for 1881."—[See Page 219.]



THE REMEDY IS WORSE THAN THE EVIL.

WILL IT NOT BE THE *CAP* INSTEAD OF THE *CROWN* THAT IS BURIED WITH HIM?

AFTER ALL.

"This world is God's world, after all."
—REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

OH, this weary world, with its restless toiling,
And its fitful fever of unceasing care!
Oh, this selfish world, our kindest actions soiling,
So that our stained souls can scarcely rise in prayer!
"Peace!" I hear the preacher-poet call,
"This world is God's world, after all—
After all."

Oh, this weeping world, full of pain and sorrow,
Full of breaking hearts that once were strong and brave,
Full of dark despair that hopes for no to-morrow,
And of love whose memory is but a grave!
"Peace!" I hear the preacher-poet call,
"This world is God's world, after all—
After all."

This is God's world: so the birds are singing,
So the happy fields are glad with golden wheat,
So the sun is shining, so the flowers are springing,
So the heavy heart again with joy may beat.
Only listen how the strong words fall,
"This world is God's world, after all—
After all."

If 'tis God's world, why should we work weeping?
Why should we go heavily by night or day?
"He giveth His beloved while they are sleeping,"
He loves the cheerful toiler, who can say,
"I fear no grief, no wrong that can befall;
This world is God's world, after all—
After all!"

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

VERNET painted a charge of cavalry, and asked Gros to look at it. "It's very innocent," said Gros; "your charge will do no mischief, as I see the horses have only two legs apiece."

Gros painted an allegorical picture, and asked Vernet to look at it. Vernet went, and his first question was, "What is it meant to represent?"

"Weather," replied Gros. "What do you think of it?"

"Very bad weather," replied Vernet, putting up his umbrella and walking out of the room.

When Dubufe's celebrated paintings of "Adam and Eve" were on exhibition at Edinburgh, Mr. McNab, the curator of the Botanical Gardens in that city, was taken to see them, and was asked for his opinion. "I think no great things of the painter," remarked the authority on gardening. "Why, man, Eve temptin' Adam wi' a pippin o' a variety that wasna known until aboot twenty years ago!"

This was as suggestive a bit of criticism as that of the farmer who told George Morland that he had never seen three little pigs feeding without one of them having its feet in the trough. Morland altered the picture.

Cham, the French caricaturist, who died in 1879, had very long legs. One day he went into a tailor's shop, chose some cloth, and agreed to the price of forty-five francs for a pair of pantaloons. The tailor took his measure, and went lower and lower, while his astonishment went higher and higher. At last he stopped a little below the knee, and threw his measure over his shoulder.

"Well," said Cham, "do you stop there?"

"Monsieur, for forty-five francs I can not go lower," answered the tailor.

Horace Vernet is generally credited with having originated the word "chic," used to describe things striking and agreeable, almost as much in English-speaking countries as in France. Vernet had a clever young pupil, who painted so like his master, and drew with such strength and precision, that he held him up as an example to all his class of pupils. When a pupil displeased him he would say, "Look at Chic"—that was the name of his favorite—"see how he works; do as he does," etc. Chic died young. Vernet felt very badly about it; and when he went into his studio and looked at the work of other pupils, he would fold his hands, cast down his eyes, and say to himself, "Ce n'est pas Chic."

There is, however, another version, also said to be the true and authentic one, of the origin of this word. According to this account, which is given in a letter dated December, 1879, by the English chaplain at Croix-les-Roubaix, who heard it from a French gentleman, the word in its present signification was born in Antwerp, in the studio of Rubens, and among his pupils. It fell on a day that one of Rubens's pictures was almost finished, and one of his pupils, Schick by name, found himself alone with the all but completed picture. Moved by the spirit of mischief, Schick proceeded to draw in the centre of the picture a fly. Some time afterward Rubens entered the room, and taking the fly for a real one, he tried to catch it with his hand. But when he saw what had been done, his feelings may be imagined, and calling his pupils together, he demanded who was the culprit. The fellow-pupils of the culprit joined in saying that it was Schick, for the good and sufficient reason that no one else could have done it so well. Ever afterward, when anything was so well done that no one could improve it, it was said to be Schick. It would thus appear that what was at one time a cant word among Rubens's pupils, was then forgotten, and long afterward found its way to the Boulevards from the studios of Paris artists, among whom it signified, as it does still, aptitude, facility, or the result of that.

One morning the walls of Paris were found chalked with sketches of a gigantic pear, in which the frivolous citizens found occasion of laughter. Crowds gathered round the chalk designs, the police interfered, the spies listened. It could not be concealed that in the preposterous fruit the people saw the effigy of their monarch. For the hundredth time M. Philipon, the famous caricaturist, was dragged into the courts. He confronted the jury with a huge sheet of white paper, on which he hastily sketched a big Burgundy pear, in the lower parts round and capacious, narrower near the stalk, and crowned with two or three careless leaves. The jury could not deny that the pear was a purely horticultural design. One might as well arrest any author of a "Guide to the Garden" as the artist for this illustration. With a few casual dots and lines M. Philipon produced a slight change, which made the jury laugh. They recognized their prince, and the artist asked them if it was fair to condemn him because an illustrious person resembled a vegetable product. The caricaturist was acquitted.

If any ambitious young artist would like to eclipse the fame of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, he would do well to ponder an anecdote which has recently been told of a plucky painter. It is said that while the celebrated Martin, the "dompteur," was staying at Ghent in 1825, he noticed among the most constant attendants at his menagerie a young man who, by reason of the drawing materials he brought with him and freely employed, stood confessed an artist. Martin introduced himself, and the two became intimate friends. One day the enthusiastic artist, while taking the portrait of a noble lion called Nero, complained bitterly that the bars of the cage were in the way. "Don't let that be any obstacle," said the "dompteur," sympathizingly. "If you will come with me into Nero's 'apartment,' and allow me to introduce you, I can answer for it that he will show how flattered he is by a visit from so excellent an artist, and will give you every facility for handing down his features to posterity." The artist, strange to say, jumped at the offer; and Martin, who was not the man to lose an opportunity of advertising himself, sent word to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Governor of Ghent, and to other notabilities, that he would on a given day go into Nero's cage, and take "an amateur étranger" with him.

The duke did not fail to put in an appearance; the plucky pair walked into the cage, and Nero was at first inclined to be what is called "nasty." But, re-assured by his master's voice, the lion went and lay down in a corner; and the painter, sitting down opposite, coolly proceeded to—cut his pencil. Having performed this little preliminary to his satisfaction, he executed a sketch of Nero, which was pronounced to be very like. The "dompteur" and the painter then took a polite leave of the lion; and the duke, having complimented the artist on the pluck as well as talent displayed, would fain have purchased the sketch. But it was not to be had for money, and the artist kept it himself as the converse of a *memento mori*. This was Verboëckhoven, afterward famous as a Belgian animal painter. How much of his success he owed to his daring feat there is no telling, but it very likely gave him the start which talent requires; and yet, adds the narrator of the anecdote, one would hardly like to whisper to the young aspirant of to-day, "Go thou and do likewise."

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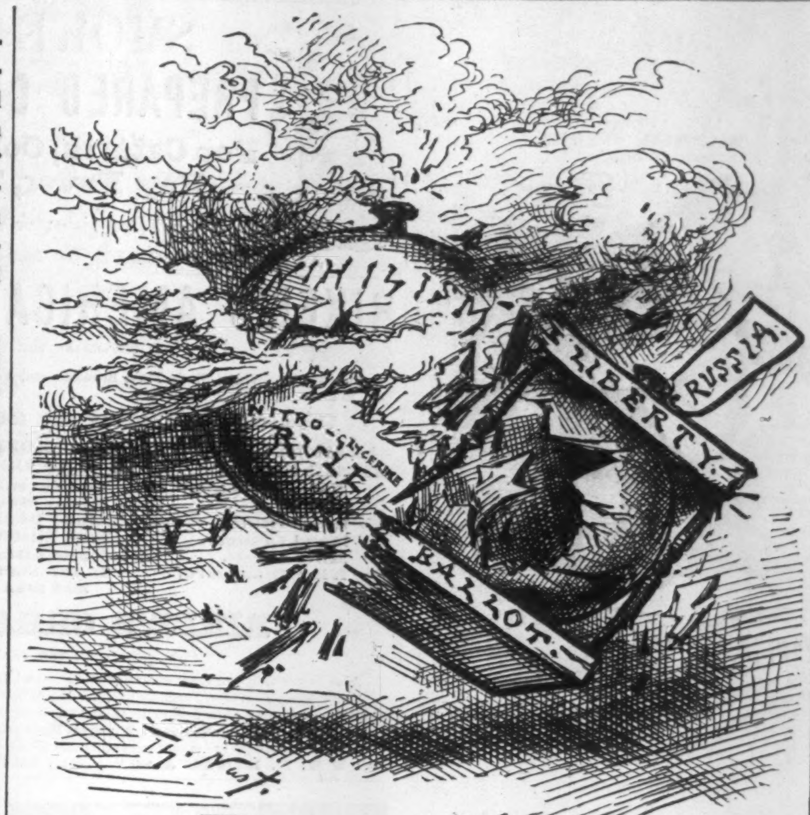

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